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OF

ARY SCHEFFER.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

ARY SCHEFFER.

BY

MRS. GROTE.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1860.

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Mon cher Ami,

J'ai terminé les deux tableaux ils seront emballés lundi si vous voulez venir les voir, vous savez combien je suis désireux de justifier votre bonne opinion sur mes œuvres, et combien je tiens à vos observations.

ami bien

A. Rhelffen

Monsieur

Mr Uhde,

2 Blenheim

INTRODUCTION.

MANY notices—and some of them by confessedly accomplished pens—have been given to the world on the subject of the late Ary Scheffer's works. Some few particulars have likewise been published regarding the personal history of the painter; yet it has not seemed to me superfluous to add one more tribute to the memory of a man whose mind and character were as remarkable as his works are celebrated. Impelled by a tender and respectful regret for his loss, I propose to throw together, in a connected form, such incidents and particulars as I have been enabled to collect, relating to the life of Ary Scheffer, in the persuasion that they will offer to his friends and admirers a welcome addition to the "Sketches" which have already appeared: sketches which, taking them in a biographical point of view, certainly leave something to be desired.

It would be impossible, in retracing the career of this eminent man, to disconnect his personal life from his artistic progress. He had enough, it is true, of individual and even original character

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to compose, as it were, a separate and distinct current of existence. But if the "Painter" be regarded as the exponent of the individual sentiments and inward feelings of the "Man," it may be said of Scheffer, with perhaps more propriety than of most other great artists, that his life was reflected in his works.

It will be my endeavour, in the following pages, to keep in view this double existence, whilst throwing into somewhat fuller light those qualities and those social and political relations which, in the case of Ary Scheffer, not unfrequently exalted the artist into the patriotic citizen.

H. G.

January, 1860.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF ARY SCHEFFER.

BORN 1795 — DIED 1858.

CHAPTER I.

1795—1818.

Family of Scheffer—His mother—Sacrifices made by her for her children—Early development of Ary's talent for painting—His mother's admonition—Her removal to Paris—Scheffer's earlier works—His brothers—Guerin—Sketch of the progress of art in France, from 1778 to 1828.

THE principal figure in the group composing the family of Scheffer is the mother, the object of the unbounded love and veneration of the three brothers, her sons. She may be said to have been, in truth, their sole parent, since she became a widow while the boys were yet of tender age.

The father of Madame Scheffer—M. Arie Lamme—was a Dutch gentleman, who took an active part in the resistance made in Holland to the Government of the Prince of Orange. That resistance having been put down by foreign intervention in the year 1787, M. Lamme found himself compelled to seek an asylum in Belgium: his house having been pillaged, and his life being considered in danger. His wife remained at

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home, at Dordrecht, with their two children, a son and a daughter. After a while Madlle. Lamme, who was tenderly attached to her father, obtained permission to go and bear him company in his forced exile, which she continued to do during two long years. Madlle. Lamme, being possessed of great personal advantages, as well as of superior mental endowments, and being altogether an extremely attractive young person, naturally received more than one offer of marriage. But, although she was far from indifferent to *one* of her admirers—a distinguished officer in the French army—she could not bring herself to quit her father's side, and therefore resolved to reside with him until he should be enabled to return to his native country. After this return (I am ignorant of its date), she accepted the hand of M. Scheffer, a German by birth, pursuing the profession of a painter, though possessed of a competent fortune. Madlle. Lamme was mainly induced to unite herself to this gentleman by the circumstance of his residing in the same city with her father (at Dordrecht), from whom she could not bear to separate herself. I believe that no less than three children were born to M. and Madame Scheffer prior to the birth of Ary, which occurred in 1795. Arnold and Henri were born successively after Ary. Ary manifested, at an early age, a decided aptitude for drawing and painting: passing hours in childish attempts at painting in his father's atelier. His general education, meanwhile, was conducted by his mother, who devoted much of her time to the instruction of her children; his father affording him, at intervals, some assistance in handling the brush. Towards the year 1804—that is to

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say, when Ary was ten years of age, or thereabouts —the extraordinary events flowing out of the French Revolution changed the fortunes of Holland, which became annexed to the French Republic. By a too common exercise of arbitrary power on the part of Buonaparte, then First Consul, the public Creditor was subsequently partially despoiled: so that, on the death of M. Scheffer, about the year 1809-10, his widow found herself left with three children to support, and the remnant of a fortune once 300,000 francs in value, but now reduced to half that sum.

I must here pause a while to dwell upon the praiseworthy conduct of Madame Scheffer, who for several years prior to her husband's death underwent unceasing fatigue in performing the office of nurse to him; a duty which, it would seem, was not lightened by the possession, on the part of the sufferer, of qualities which sometimes constitute a just claim upon one's sympathies.* Not the less assiduously, however, were the cares and sacrifices required by the helpless man yielded by his high-minded wife, who, it must be added, paid the cost of her devotion by injuring her constitution. A long illness ended in her contracting a heart affection, of which her whole subsequent life bore the painful effects. Her grief for the loss of a daughter, who died at the age of five years, had also its share in producing this change in her health.

* M. Scheffer was a man of honourable character, a respectable artist, and an affectionate father—attached also to his wife, as he might well be—yet his temper was sullen, reserved, and deficient in sympathy towards those with whom he lived. Hence the domestic circle was not a happy one.

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The last offices rendered to M. Scheffer, the widow next bethought her seriously how to provide for the upbringing of her children. The talent of her eldest boy, Ary, was already so developed that he had actually exhibited, in the "salon" at Amsterdam, a picture which attracted much attention and approbation, although painted before he was quite twelve years old. Henri, too, showed a promising disposition towards the art, and Madame Scheffer thought that the best course she could adopt was to foster and encourage their talent, and to afford her sons suitable instruction in this line. There could be no doubt as to the place where such instruction could best be obtained. That place was Paris. She resolved to transport her family thither, but in the interval, whilst she was collecting the remains of her property together, and making her preparations for this, to *her*, painful effort (for she was about to quit the society of her own family, and her own native land, to settle in a foreign capital, where she had not a single friend), Madame Scheffer sent her eldest boy to Lille, to pursue his professional studies under the best teachers to be found there. During the brief residence of Ary *en pension* at Lille, his mother continually wrote to him letters, in which the combination of maternal affection and judicious counsels shines out with touching effect. I cannot refrain from introducing a quotation from one of these letters, as a sample of this admirable woman's cast of sentiment.

"Si tu pouvais me voir embrassant ton portrait, le quittant pour le réprendre encore, et les larmes aux yeux t'appeler mon cher cœur! mon fils chéri! tu sentirais alors combien il m'en coute de prendre

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quelquefois un ton de sévérité, et de te causer quelques instants de chagrin. Je nourris toujours l'espoir de te voir un jour un des prémiers peintres de notre siècle, et même de tous les temps. Sois assidu au travail, sois modeste surtout, et lorsque tu pourras dire que tu surpasses les autres, compare alors tes travaux à la nature, et à l'idéal que tu t'es formé, et cette comparaison t'empêchera de te livrer à l'orgueil et à la présomption."*

Those who knew Ary Scheffer will, I think, join in admitting that his mother's admonition, to avoid the effects of pride and presumption, was respected to the letter.

Madame Scheffer would seem to have arrived in Paris about the beginning of the year 1811, when she lost no time in establishing her modest, frugal *ménage*. The painter most in repute as a teacher at that time was Guerin, and with him her son Ary was presently placed as a pupil.

The young student acquired in this "atelier" a certain amount of technical knowledge essential to the practice of the art — such a knowledge as fits a young man to go onward if the capacity reside

* "If you could but see me kissing your picture, then after a while taking it up again, and, with a tear in my eye, calling you my darling! my beloved son! you would then comprehend what it costs me to use, sometimes, the stern language of authority, and to occasion to you moments of pain. I cherish the fond hope of seeing you, one day, take your place among the first painters of the age, perhaps of any age! Work diligently, be above all modest and humble, and when you find yourself excelling others, then compare what you have done with Nature herself, or with the 'ideal' of your own mind, and you will be secured, by the contrast which will be apparent, against the effects of pride and presumption."

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within him. His father had enjoined Madame Scheffer, when he was almost dying, to restrain Ary's propensity to compose pictures, at an age when the study of drawing, anatomy, and perspective was the more fitting occupation and preparation of an aspiring artist. Such studies, then, came to form the chief employment of Ary's life during the first years of his residence in Paris; but the exigencies of his mother's position impelled him to practise painting for profit before he was eighteen years of age. Madame Scheffer's means were so inadequate to the demands made upon them, and yet her desire to afford to her children all sorts of instruction was so dominant, that she became extremely pressed for money. Thus situated, it was natural that her sons should seek to supply the deficiency by working; and it was at this period that Ary began to produce those agreeable pictures, in which the expression of the gentler sympathies form the interest and the subject—a description of composition always certain to attract purchasers, and falling within the powers of execution at the command of a youthful hand. The number of these productions I take to have been prodigiously great. A few were placed among the exhibited works in 1859, but the bulk of them have doubtless been long absorbed into private collections, and are scarcely known out of them. I have had the advantage of obtaining a list of Ary Scheffer's works not exhibited in 1859,* and indeed little remembered by the public of this day. It is valuable as furnishing a kind of "chart" of the painter's progress—for pro-

* See Appendix F.

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gress it was unquestionably. It needs no remarkable powers of observation or of critical skill to recognise the gradual enlargement of the scope of Ary Scheffer's conceptions; the steps by which, as one may say, his creative faculty ascended the slopes of Parnassus; proceeding from tender yet familiar compositions such as "Le Baptême," "La Veuve du Soldat," "La Mère Convalescente," "Les Enfans du Marin," and the like, onward through the more exciting subjects of national struggles, "La Défense de Missolonghi," "Les Femmes Souliotes," "La Bataille de Morat," &c.; until, acquiring a more extensive range of thought by reading and meditation, he arrived at the point where grandeur of idea and poetical expression unite. As, however, this view of Scheffer's mental expansion will be farther amplified hereafter, I resume my personal narrative.

The second and third brothers, Arnold and Henri, were left at school in Holland, for the space of a year or more, on Madame Scheffer's removal to Paris; but in the year 1812 they also came and resided with their mother in that capital. Arnold showed a general aptitude for learning, for languages especially, and he commenced the study of the Oriental ones with zeal. To aid him in this, Madame Scheffer parted with the few jewels she possessed; she even managed to dispense with the comfort of keeping a regular servant: refusing herself, in fact, all indulgences in order to forward the instruction of her sons. Still attractive in person, she might easily have married again, but this she steadily refused to do, for their sakes. Henri was undecided for some time what profession to embrace. He tried the study

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of music at first, but finally decided on cultivating his already pronounced talent for painting—with what acknowledged success is well known to all who have attended to the course of French art in the present century. He, too, became a pupil, along with his elder brother, of M. Pierre Guerin. Now this painter, although not without merit, was far from capable of directing the artistic education of such pupils. In the first place, Guerin was a slavish disciple of the school of Louis David, whose influence was sensibly on the decline already, not only among painters, but with the public. The following passage, traced by the pen of Ary Scheffer himself in 1828, and quoted by M. Louis Viardot in his interesting notice on Scheffer (in 1859), seems to me so instructive on this point that I venture to reproduce it here.

"Cette période de cinquante ans (entre 1778 et 1828) embrasse la vie tout entière de l'école classique, depuis sa naissance, au sein d'une réaction contre le faux goût, la futilité, l'incorrection, et l'indécence, jusqu'à sa décrépitude. Cette école, durant ses années de virilité, ne l'a cédé à aucune autre ; elle a marché avec une fermeté admirable vers le but exclusif que sa tendance lui assignait; elle l'a atteint si parfaitement, qu'elle a fait un moment illusion sur tout ce qu'elle laissait en arrière, et par la puissance du talent, par l'attrait de la nouveauté, elle a conduit toute une génération à n'aimer, en peinture, que la correction des contours, à n'être sensible, en fait de beauté, qu'au type des statues et des bas-reliefs antiques. Après avoir contemplé, jusqu'à satiété, des figures grecques et romaines, le public, blasé sur ce plaisir, ne pouvait manquer d'en désirer

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d'autres. . . . . l'art de peindre, loin d'avoir pour bornes un certain type de dessin, ne se borne pas au dessin lui-même; qu'il renferme encore le coloris, l'effet, la reproduction fidèle des passions, des lieux, des temps; que l'histoire toute entière, et non pas seulement quelques siècles, entre dans son domaine. . . . . Dès qu'une école est tombée au dessous d'elle-même, il n'est pas donné à celle qui la suit de ramener les beaux jours de la première. C'est une nouvelle ère qui commence, une nouvelle génération qui s'éleve, pour suivre le même chemin que celles qui l'ont précédée, pour subir les mêmes vicissitudes de faiblesse, de vigueur, et d'épuisement."*

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* "This period of fifty years (from 1778 down to 1828) may be said to comprehend the whole existence of the 'classic school,' from its birth—engendered by the impatience of the public of the false taste, imperfect science, insipidity, and coarseness which characterized the preceding condition of art—down to its final decay. This school, in its best days, rose to a high level of merit. It advanced with steady aim towards the particular object which it was designed to further; which, indeed, it attained so successfully, that it threw a veil over its own shortcomings. By the captivations of novelty, joined to great artistic capacity, it persuaded an entire generation to concentrate its admiration upon the merits of correct design in painting; to admit of no other type, in respect of human beauty, than that of the 'Antique,' as displayed in its Greek and Roman sculptures. Having contemplated works partaking of this character until the eye was downright weary of their correct uniformity, the public began to hunger after some variety. . . . . The art of painting, so far from being limited to the study of a formal type or style of design and outline, is not bound to confine itself within this sphere of design itself. Its legitimate range comprises the employment of colour, of effect, the faithful representation of the passions of the soul, of local scenes of every time. It is authorized to include all history, and not particular periods alone, in its course. . . . . When a school has passed into a declining

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But not only was the "atelier" of Guerin an imperfect medium of instruction, it was likewise wanting in discipline; the pupils were not kept steadily to their studies, and a general laxity prevailed both as to the hours of attendance and to accuracy in work. To use the expression of one of Scheffer's later friends (M. Viardot), it was an "école qu'il traversa sans y rien apprendre si ce n'est, comme nous l'avons tous fait dans les colléges, l'art d'apprendre plus tard, et par soi-même."*

---

stage of existence, it is beyond the power of the followers of that school to recal the glories of its earlier days. A new era must succeed it, a new generation must arise, though probably both will pursue a corresponding circle; exhibiting the same feeble beginnings, the same expansion and growth, and, finally, the same exhaustion."

* "A school, through which he passed, learning but little, beyond the art of framing, in after time, a system of study for himself. It is in this way that most of us have gone through our college period."

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CHAPTER II.

1818—1826.

The Restoration—The brothers Scheffer become "Carbonari"—Lady Morgan's prediction concerning Ary—His introduction to the Orleans family—Anecdote of Ary as Instructor in Art to the Royal Children.

We may perceive, from what has been said, that Ary Scheffer's professional education commenced amidst the ruins of an exhausted school. The reign of the "Antique" was passing away, and as yet no teachers had arisen who could point the way to a fresh and untrodden path. It was, however, a fortunate circumstance for Scheffer, that he was still young enough to be included in a movement which presently overtook him. One which, for charm of novelty, for varied excellence, and for enthusiasm among its promoters, has had but few parallels.*

The first years of the Restoration, whilst they seemed to set loose the springs of talent and energy in every form of material progress, no less favoured a revolution in the arts. The classic school everywhere gave way to the romantic; the conventional, again, to the sentimental and passionate. Victor Hugo in dramatic literature, Rossini in lyric music, Géricault and Delacroix in painting—these led the van of the new

* Scheffer, at the moment when France was relieved from the dreadful compression of the first Buonaparte's reign, was only just "sprung to manhood."

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movement. The young Ary also tried *his* hand, and in 1819 exhibited his picture of "Les Bourgeois de Calais," in which was discerned an evident intention to break through old traditions, and to aim rather at compositions clothed in expression and feeling. Occupied as he was on "easel pictures" calculated to attract purchasers, Scheffer, about this period, began also to cultivate portrait painting. We find him thus employed as early as 1818, at the Château de la Grange, the well known residence of General Lafayette. In a letter of that date, written to Lady Morgan, the General tells her—"You will meet here a young painter of distinction, named Scheffer;" and afterwards, Lady Morgan herself, writing from La Grange, speaks of Scheffer as "a young but already celebrated artist, who is painting the General's picture." She adds, "Before breakfast I find all the young people at their easels, painting from models, in the ante-room;" these studies being presided over by Scheffer in person: for he united the pleasure of assisting the young people in their studies, with the steady pursuit of his own professional career.

Admitted, as it were, as a member of the family, to the society of distinguished visitors which gathered round his illustrious host, Scheffer naturally took a lively interest in their political discussions, and these happened to be, at that time, peculiarly exciting. The "élite" of the opposition which harassed the Government of the Restoration resorted much to La Grange, and it was no more than was to be expected, that Scheffer's ardent soul should be kindled by continual intercourse with these eloquent and high-minded conversers. The cast of Ary Scheffer's mind and sentiments was, undoubtedly, democratic—possibly repub-

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lican. At the period of which I am treating, however, the aim and endeavour of the distinguished cluster of men who were embarked in active hostility to the Government of the day, was strictly "constitutional" in character.

It was, in truth, as healthy and honourable a political agitation as perhaps ever occupied the national mind. The powers of Government were being unfairly strained, in the hope of restoring the ascendancy of the priests and old "noblesse:" against this strove a small but influential minority in the Chamber —seconded, out of doors, by highly gifted writers,* and secretly supported by most of the independent thinkers in the kingdom. The brothers Scheffer became strongly influenced by political sympathies. They entered warmly into the general confederacy, all becoming "Carbonari," and engaging, even to a perilous extent, in the secret organization then widely prevalent through France.† Both Ary and his brothers, indeed, went so far in these affairs, under the direction of General Lafayette and other leaders, as to run the most imminent risks

* Paul Louis Courier, Benjamin Constant, Ch. Comte, Ch. Dunoyer, General Foy, &c. &c.

† Les membres de la "haute vente" (a section of the Carbonari) non deputés, que le général initiait habituellement à sa pensée personnelle, étaient MM. Joubert, Ary Scheffer, Laresche, Bazard, et Trelat."—Vaulabelle, Hist. des deux Restaurations, tome vi. p. 9.

See also same vol. pp. 10, 11, 12, for some interesting particulars respecting the projected rising in Alsace, in 1822, and the active share which Ary Scheffer took therein, along with his brother Henri, M. Armand Carrel, General Lafayette and his son, M. Joubert, and others of their friends. After the failure of the plot at Béfort, Ary actually affronted the danger of arrest, by re-entering the town to ascertain what had become of Henri, who, luckily, had escaped in safety.

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in their own persons; Ary and Henri in the conspiracy of Béfort (in 1822), whilst Arnold was actively concerned, along with M. de Corcelles, in similar but abortive efforts at Marseilles, from whence both of them escaped only by extraordinary good fortune. All these proceedings necessitated considerable expense, so that a "purse" had to be made up in order to meet it. Among those who were the most forward with their contributions, was the poor painter, who worked incessantly to acquire money for that purpose, over and above the amount needed for the maintenance of his family.* Hear the words of the friend already quoted:—"Scheffer n'était pas devenu seulement le père de sa famille, il était, dès ce temps, —il fut toute sa vie—une sorte de trésor commun, où venaient puiser, dans leurs besoins, ses amis, ses confrères, où venaient puiser toutes les infortunes. Jamais il ne sut refuser un secours ou un service."†

At La Grange there commenced an intimate friendship, which lasted through long years, between

* On a pu voir, par les faits que nous avons cités, que les dépenses de la société étaient le résultat de sacrifices que s'imposaient ses membres: les plus riches comme les moins heureux. C'est M. de la Fayette qui fit les sacrifices les plus considérables."—Vaulabelle, tome vi., p. 126.

The same author also tells us that the members of the "Haute vente" practised military exercises, and that M. Thierry, along with others, was "drilled" by M. de Corcelles, the unsuccessful envoy of the Republic to the Pope in 1849.

† "Scheffer had become, not only the father of his own family, but from this period—as, in fact, during the whole of life—he was regarded as the holder of a 'stock purse,' into which all might dip their hands when money was wanted. Friends, brother-artists, all who were in need, had recourse to Scheffer's kind aid, for to no application could he turn a deaf ear."

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Scheffer and Augustin Thierry, the celebrated historian. Lady Morgan, then sitting for her portrait in Paris, to Berthon, one of the eminent "face painters" of that period (1818), mentions them in her diary:—"To-day Aug. Thierry and Ary Scheffer sent up their cards, and were, of course, admitted with acclamation. I met with these two gifted young men at La Grange, since when, we have opened a mutual account of goodwill and intimacy. They have both started fair for posterity, and I am quite sure will reach their goal . . . . . When the two artists had discussed the merits of the portrait, which Scheffer observed was 'better than his own' (which Berthon begged permission to see), the conversation turned entirely on politics—both, Liberals in the extreme, and Thierry, by his great historical acquirements, well suited to the task which I see he has begun. I had difficulty, from the freedom with which they spoke, in believing we were not living under the protection of a constitutional government." —*Diary*, pp. 222-3.

The excellent mother of these ardent youths had to undergo much anxiety, not to say apprehension, on their account, at the period of which I am now speaking, viz., between the years 1818 and 1823. One of the brothers thus states the circumstances in which she and her sons then stood.

"Nous étions de jeunes hommes, et nous étions dévenus Français de cœur et de passion; et comme tels, nous étions entrés dans le mouvement politique de notre époque. La jeunesse en 1819 nourrissait contre la dynastie des Bourbons cette défiance et cette haine qui fit explosion générale en 1830. Elle vou-

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lait, dans son impatiente ardeur, dévancer le sentiment général, ou le faire éclater dès les prémières années de la Restauration; et dans cet espoir, des conspirations, des sociétés secrètes, s'étaient formées, dont nous faisions parties, dans lesquelles même nous avons figuré au premier rang. Notre liberté, notre vie même, couraient des périls dans ces tentatives. Notre mère ne l'ignorait pas, mais elle respectait nos convictions, et ce que nous regardions comme des devoirs. Elle, qui n'auroit pas survécu à un de nous, ne nous empêcha pas de risquer notre vie; et il y eut un moment où elle nous permit, à tous trois, d'aller courir des dangers auxquels nous n'échappâmes que par miracle. C'était de la tendresse maternelle poussée au plus haut degré, car je le repète, la mort d'un de nous eut été la sienne."*

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* "We were all young men, and were become Frenchmen with our whole heart and soul: as such, we entered into the political agitation of our times. The youth of France entertained towards the Bourbon dynasty, that general mistrust and dislike, which came to a regular outburst in the year 1830. With the impatient ardour of early manhood, they would have brought about a much earlier 'cataclysme,' had they found means to inflame the public feeling sufficiently. With this view, conspiracies, secret societies and schemes, were set agoing, in which we all bore our share; I may even say that we played a leading part in them. Our personal liberty, our life indeed, was imperilled by these proceedings. Our mother was not uninformed of them, but she respected our convictions, and what we looked upon as our duty. She would hardly have survived the loss of any one of her three sons; notwithstanding this, she never forbade us to risk our heads: in fact, there was a moment when she permitted us, all, to plunge into dangers, out of which we escaped, as it were, through a miracle of good fortune. This was pushing maternal tenderness to its extremest verge, for, I repeat it again, the death of any one of us would have brought *her* to her end."

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But, after the untoward result of the well-known conspiracy of Béfort, in 1822, as well as of some others, less important, the excitements of political feeling began to give place to habits of assiduous labour on the part of the Scheffers. Ary's pencil was taking a higher range; his reputation was augmenting, and his works found a ready sale at good prices. If ever this interesting being had an interval of exemption from care or from suffering, perhaps it was at this period. Yet even now it was clouded by anxiety, on the score of his beloved mother's health. She endured repeated attacks of the disease of which mention has already been made, the result of her former fatiguing exertions; violent palpitations of the heart threatening, in the years 1825–26–27, to deprive her sons of their admirable parent. In the intervals of her complaint, however, Madame Scheffer occupied herself in copying the best of the pictures painted by her own sons (for she had a respectable talent for the art), and in reading the works of the most esteemed authors of the day, on political, literary, and even philosophic subjects: her conversation was, in fact, so enriched thereby, that her society had a great attraction for all who were permitted to enjoy it.

Ary would seem to have cultivated portrait painting a good deal at this stage of his career, although never from preference. (See p. 97.)

Among the most carefully executed of the portraits, about this date, was that of Madame la Duchesse de Broglie, which I am inclined to rate as one of Scheffer's best. It was a fine subject that he had to deal with, and the result was most happy. It is to be

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regretted that this portrait did not appear among the exhibited works in 1859, as it would doubtless have added new lustre to the fame of the painter.

It would be doing injustice, perhaps, to the proficiency acquired by Scheffer at this stage of his career, if I did not also bestow the passing tribute of praise fairly due to his picture of "Le Baptême" (of 1823). For unaffected sentiment, happy arrangement of the figures, and, I will add, agreeable colouring, it reminds us of Greuze; a painter who greatly influenced the artistic taste of his countrymen, and doubtless that of Scheffer among the rest.

Between the years 1825 and 1830 was the period, during which a different class of compositions, wherein strong action and sentiment prevail, were executed: such as "Les Femmes Souliotes," "La Défense de Missolonghi," "La Rétraite d'Alsace," "La Bataille de Morat," &c. I will only observe, in reference to them, that although a certain measure of ability and progress appears therein, yet there is unquestionably a want of clear and harmonious colouring, as well as of concentrated effect. Since he so far surpassed these productions later in his career, I prefer to take small account of this phase of it, unless perhaps to note the portrait of M. Destutt de Tracy, which is at once impressive and pleasing.

In the year 1826 Ary Scheffer was introduced into the family of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, by the Baron Gérard. This event was destined to exercise a sensible influence over his whole life, the closing days of which were, as will be seen hereafter, consecrated to the fulfilment of duties whose original source is traceable to his first entrance into the domestic circle of Neuilly. Within

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this circle were contracted relations of the purest and most delightful character. The poetic and sentimental side of Scheffer's mind found nurture and encouragement, whilst his love of political progress derived support from the pronounced disposition of the head of the house towards liberal ideas.

The special functions which were assigned to Scheffer in this family, were those of instructor of the children in drawing and painting; but the professional talent being combined with rare mental capacity and much intellectual culture, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, both fully capable of appreciating such a companion, grew fond of having Scheffer about them. Thus, from the "instructor in art," he gradually passed into the familiar and attached friend; not—as a recent French writer has thought fit to term it—"Le complaisant serviteur d'une famille royale bourgeoise:" a relation in which it was morally impossible that Ary Scheffer *could* stand towards any family, "royale" or "roturière."*

* As illustrative of the self-respect and independence of the young painter, I will here mention an anecdote, which may be relied upon as authentic. During one of the lessons which, at a later stage, Scheffer was giving to the children of the Royal family, one of the brothers forgot the respect due to the master, and used some unbecoming expressions towards him. Scheffer banished the offending Prince from the lesson. The Queen interposing to obtain a remission of this penalty, Scheffer resigned his appointment. The brothers and sisters were so grieved and discomposed at the loss of their master, that they begged and entreated him to resume his position; yet he was inexorable, until the King, adding his own earnest endeavours, Scheffer was induced to give way, and he presided anew over their artistic studies. But he made it a condition that the mutinous pupil should never more join in the lesson, and he was, accordingly, excluded. I am afraid it must be added that this incident was long remembered by both parties.

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On the return from Italy of M. Ingres, the sight of his pictures would seem to have awakened Scheffer's emulous admiration of that painter, whose distinguishing qualities happened to lie in the very direction in which Scheffer was, then, least proficient. M. Ingres' style possessed the elevation, the noble forms, of the ancient school, whilst the mastery he showed over the mechanical portion of the art commanded the homage of connoisseurs, no less than that of the general public.

It is obvious that Scheffer's taste received a strong bias from the contemplation of the works of Ingres, for whom, thenceforward, and indeed to his latest hour, he professed a deep admiration and respect.

One of the first examples of Scheffer's altered mode of composition was a picture from the *Faust* of Goethe—"Faust in his Study."* After this, appeared

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* Goethe's wonderful poem of "Faust" furnished to Scheffer a subject of which his imagination seems never to have tired. Itself, perhaps, the most remarkable creation of the eighteenth century, "Faust" opened up to his view the vast field of metaphysical speculation. Profoundly as it explores the mysterious relations between the sensual and the intellectual natures of man, whilst exhibiting the varied workings of human passions and weaknesses, "Faust" deals likewise with the tragic element, in a way to touch the deepest chords of sympathy. This combination of the powerful and the mystic, with the tender vein of poetic fiction, awakened in Scheffer's soul, images, which would appear to have floated around his fancy to his latest moment.

Even after he had addressed himself to the illustration of biblical subjects, see how his pencil fondly returns to his Faust!—to the great vivifier of his meridian hour. But to whom, I ask, does *not* this immortal poem recur, at intervals, who has once been lifted, by its wondrous charm, out of the real world in which we live and move, into the boundless realms of imagination?

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the "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," in which the abject depression of the young maiden is depicted with tenderness and pathetic truth. It has been cited as one among Scheffer's best productions; yet I am forced to confess that the colouring strikes me as monotonous, sickly, and faded, and the attitude of Margaret as unimpressive.* Far higher in merit may be ranked his "Margaret at Church," where the faculty of "expression," in which Scheffer now confessedly rose to distinction, is employed in a striking manner. The whole composition attests the care and meditation of a superior mind; the ingenious apposition of common, indifferent figures, intent upon ordinary, familiar duties, as against the conscience-stricken, heart-broken Margaret—her attitude, her sombre dress, the concentrated feeling indicated by her countenance, the meaning implied in the position of the hands,—all combine to rivet the spectator's attention upon this painfully interesting work.

Inspired at this period by the powerful poem of Lord Byron, Scheffer painted "The Giaour," a work which may fairly claim to be placed high in the series of Scheffer's single figures, as well for vigour of handling as for the exhibition of vehement mental emotion. The absence of colour here rather adds to than weakens the effect of the picture, by which the amateur will naturally be reminded of certain works of Murillo, Alonzo Cano, Juanes, Morales, and other Spanish masters—often executed with as little aid from colour, yet producing a grave, solemn impression.

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* I have reason to believe that a much finer picture of this same subject exists in Holland, in the collection of M. Nottebohn. (See p. 54.)

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CHAPTER III.

1827—1830.

Charles X.—Grand Review of the National Guard—Arbitrary proceedings of M. de Villèle—Indisposition of Madame Scheffer.

HAVING reached the point at which I conceive the talent of Ary Scheffer to have received a new, lofty, and poetical impulse, I will suspend the thread of his artistic progress for a moment, in order to return to that of his "civilian" duties and personal history. It is in conformity with the design indicated in the first page of this humble memoir, that I endeavour to keep both of these two currents in view: so far, at least, as it is permitted to me to delineate the personal course. But it is necessary to preface what I shall have to relate, by a review of the state of public feeling, and the aspect of political affairs, in 1826 and following years.

The first acts of Charles the Tenth's reign (beginning with 1825) were marked by a disposition so unmistakeable towards absolute rule, that all liberal Frenchmen were kept, as it were, on the alert: expecting that measures might very likely be resorted to, on the part of the executive government, deeply affecting the permanent interests of the nation. The minister at the head of affairs in 1826 was M. de Villèle, himself by no means so thoroughgoing a partisan of absolutism as many others of his class,

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yet too fondly attached to the exercise of power not to endeavour to preserve it by trimming between the commands of his master and the risks of opposition. Defeated, by the strenuous efforts of the Liberals in and out of the Chamber, in a *projet de loi* bearing upon the procedure of the courts of justice, upon the liberty of the press, upon individual security—said *projet* being, in fact, an attack upon public liberty in all its aspects—M. de Villèle's government became sensibly discredited, and lost much of its power. Nevertheless, "Il persista," says M. Villemain, "dans d'autres rigueurs; ménaça, destitua, et crut pouvoir se faire craindre par des brutalités de police."

Not long after experiencing this check, the King thought fit to order a grand review (at the end of the month of April, 1827) of the National Guard. M. de Villèle demurred, urging the danger of the step; M. de Chateaubriand, even, deprecated it, going the length of addressing to Charles X. himself a respectful letter, in which, along with other contingencies, he hinted at the possibility of a popular demonstration in Paris: ending with a recommendation to the King to dismiss the actual ministry, and to construct in its place, one which should be presided over by M. le Duc de Doudeauville and M. le Comte de Chabrol. No notice was, however, taken of this remonstrance. The review was held, giving occasion to various uncomfortable manifestations of public feeling; among the rest, some of the companies of the National Guard cried "à bas Villèle," in passing before the windows of the "Ministère des Finances," in the Rue de Rivoli. This insult was too much for

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the minister's stomach, and he consequently pressed upon the King the necessity of dismissing the National Guard altogether.* Backed by M. le Baron de Damas, M. de Clermont Tonnerre, M. de Peyronnet, and M. de Corbière, the incensed minister carried his point, and not only got rid of the National Guard, but re-established the censure of the Press; persuaded as he was (like another French minister, of our time) that, so long as he could depend on the support of a majority in the Chamber, all was safe. Much dissatisfaction being shown, however, out of doors, M. de Villèle, farther irritated by the able attacks directed against him in print, took the bold measure of dissolving the Chamber. The electoral colleges signified, by their choice in the new elections, their disapprobation of the course pursued; and it may be worthy of record that M. Royer Collard was now elected for no less than seven places.

Thus the "lull" which had succeeded to the discouraging incidents I have mentioned as occurring towards the close of Louis the Eighteenth's reign, was, in 1827, quickly exchanged for fresh activity in the ranks of the malcontents. The public were aroused to displeasure by the arbitrary proceedings of M. de Villèle, and the veteran "Carbonari" once more buckled on their armour for resistance. La Grange was still, as ever, the stronghold of Liberalism. One of its cherished "habitués," Charles Comte, had been exiled and persecuted for his writings; but now, recently returned to France, he lent his able assistance in "the good cause." Scheffer

* See Villemain's "Chateaubriand," Paris, 1858.

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resorted, as heretofore, to General Lafayette's "château," as well as to his hôtel in Paris: and being personally connected besides with the advanced members of the party, he was thoroughly cognizant of all that went on in the way of political agitation. With the ardent temperament which characterized him, nurtured from his cradle in the love of freedom and of the public good, and sharing the councils of the most distinguished leaders of the Opposition—no wonder that Ary Scheffer's life was now one of fatiguing excitement. To quote an expression of a contemporary writer (in speaking of General Foy's death):—"La vie politique use les hommes de cœur aussi rapidement que la vie du champ de bataille; ses luttes, ses émotions, les veilles, le travail, brisent surtout très vite les nobles organisations."

Madame Scheffer's chronic complaint again, in 1827–28, caused to Ary, as well as to her other sons, cruel apprehension; so that, between the political ferment around him, his pressing need to labour at his profession, and his anxiety for the prolongation of his beloved mother's life, the strain upon Scheffer's mind and nervous energy was at this time considerable.

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CHAPTER IV.

1830.

Political discontents—Elections of 1830—La Grange—Revolution of July—Ary's mission to Neuilly—M. Thiers—Lafayette—Offers made to the Duke of Orleans.

TOWARDS the spring of 1830, the principles between which the destinies of France appeared to oscillate, *i.e.*, that of an undisguised despotism, or of a constitutional *régime*, were obviously about to receive a solution in one or another shape. The audacious step taken by Charles of dissolving the Chamber, set all the Liberals in motion. Each man flew to his post, and the "exaltation" became as lively as it was far-spreading.

I may here take leave to mention, perhaps, that at this precise juncture, Mr. G. and myself happened to be on a visit at La Grange itself, where a scene was passing calculated to make, and to leave, ineffaceable impressions. It was in the month of May, 1830, that, on one of the mornings of our stay, there came to La Grange a numerous body of electors of the "arrondissement," for which M. Geo. Lafayette was a candidate for re-election. The general elections being close at hand, it was desirable that the electors favourable to him should communicate

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personally with him and the General. I think that about forty of them sate down to breakfast along with the family, in the great hall of the château, and a striking sight it was to us, as I well remember. The General sate in the centre; I was placed by his side, and the numerous branches of the family dispersed themselves among the company at different parts of the table. The cordiality, courtesy, and good feeling which reigned amongst this large assemblage, it was most pleasing to witness. The repast was plain and abundant; but little "talk" prevailed, and no healths were drunk, although wine formed, as usual, the common beverage.

After the "dejeuner," the house guests withdrew, and the electors held a long consultation on the business which had brought them thither, with their hosts. The spacious courtyard of the château, into which we strolled the while, was crowded with the vehicles in which these good people had travelled (many from a long distance) to La Grange. Every sort of "patâche," cabriolet, char-à-banc, and "cariole," was there: all, of course, covered with dust and dirt, the harness equally begrimed: cleaning of wheels and harness being a practice nearly unknown (at least at the period of which I write) among the rural inhabitants of the provinces. The horses found ample stable room and provender on the premises.

In Paris, and at other places on our homeward route, the animation which we found everywhere prevailing on the subject of the elections, attested the importance of the crisis. Wherever we stopped to change horses, the villagers—women as well as men—came flocking out to interrogate the postilion about

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the elections. "Est-il nommé, M. Harlay?* dites donc!" *A postmaster* — "Le Roi veut donc une nouvelle chambre! Eh bien! nous allons lui en envoyer une," &c. &c.

We had quitted the shores of France shortly prior to the grand, the almost sublime, uprising of July, which "settled the business," for that time at least; but I have a peculiar inducement to enlarge upon this preliminary matter, because the political events of 1830 happen to bring Scheffer before us, not as a painter, but as an actor on the stage, in the part of an active and influential "citizen."

The ferment into which Paris was thrown by the news of the famous "Ordonnances" gave occasion to the surmise that matters were likely to come to some forcible collision. On the morning of the 28th July, Scheffer, being abroad early in the streets, met a political friend going towards the "barrière." "Ho!" quoth Scheffer, "why, your steps are turned in the wrong direction; you ought to stay in Paris, and stand by your friends at this critical juncture." "Ah! my dear fellow, you must know that *I* am not a fighting man, and I foresee that there will be a hard struggle between the soldiers and the people." "I expect no less," rejoined Ary; "mais la partie est engagée, et il faut la jouer."† The friend, nevertheless, went his way, and, sure enough, the conflict quickly commenced—with what ardour and what unflinching bravery we all of us well recollect. Scheffer was

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* M. Harlay was the Liberal candidate for the "Pas de Calais," in 1830.

† "But the game is begun, and we must play it out!"

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among those who fought unceasingly through two of the "glorious days" which crowned the resistance with victory.

On the morrow of the third and decisive day of July, that is to say, on the 30th, Scheffer, fairly tired out with the efforts of the three previous days, was in his own house in the Rue Chaptal (the same in which he continued to reside until his death), when he was surprised by the entrance of Monsieur Thiers.* "Eh bien! Scheffer, me voici! j'ai besoin de vous: j'ai tout fait."† "Comment, '*tout fait?*'" ‡ calmly inquired Scheffer. "Well, I mean that I have been to the Hôtel de Ville, seen the members of the Municipal Committee, seen the 'Chefs de partis' at Lafitte's, and, in short, I am the bearer of a communication to the Duke of Orleans, which you must assist me in conveying to Neuilly." "Tiens!"§ replied Scheffer; "so, you mean that I am to go with you as a kind of commissioner from the leaders of the party?" "I do," rejoined M. Thiers, 'and for this reason, among others, that you are known to keep good horses in your stable; for, look you, we can go in no other way

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* It may be well to remind those of my readers in whose recollection such facts have ceased to dwell, that MM. Thiers, Carrel, and Mignet were perhaps the earliest as well as the most courageous initiators of the resistance to "Les Ordonnances." M. Thiers especially, then "rédacteur en chef" of the journal, *Le National*, exercised the ascendancy which his rare talents and activity of mind justly claimed over his fellow-citizens, turning it to good account at this momentous epoch.

† "Well, Scheffer, here I am! I want you: I have done everything that was necessary."

‡ "How! done everything?"

§ "Hey-day!"

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than by riding on horseback." "That is certain," quoth Scheffer; "the barricades would render the passage of a carriage impossible." "But stay," said Thiers; "how shall I manage about my *montûre?* I shall never be able to sit one of *your* great beasts." Thereupon Scheffer hastened to the stables of young Ney (son of the Marshal), with whom he was on intimate terms, and, borrowing a small, nimble nag for his friend, they started on their important errand.

The barricades presented, in truth, some obstacles to their progress, but Scheffer being a practised horseman, leaped his horse over them. M. Thiers could not manage matters quite so actively. The mob, however, good-naturedly aided him to scramble through, lifting him, almost bodily, over the piles of stones, &c., horse and all, laughing heartily at "le petit commis" for his bad horsemanship. As M. Thiers rode in white stockings and shoes, and wore spectacles, I suspect that his personal appearance did afford some scope for the light-hearted jokes of "le peuple" on that morning.

When, at length, the two gentlemen found themselves fairly outside of the walls of Paris, a number of men of the lower class crowded about them—"Où allez-vous donc, Messieurs?"* "Cela ne vous régarde pas."† "Eh bien! then we shall send some of our fellows with you, to *see* where you go to." A couple of "blouses" accordingly accompanied them, each mounted on horseback, and armed. The party had not trotted far on their road before Thiers said, in a

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* "Whither are you bound, gentlemen?"

† "That is no concern of yours."

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quiet tone of voice, to his companion, "Ecoutez, mon cher! you are a good rider, whilst *I* may very easily get a tumble before I reach Neuilly; and if this should happen, my hat will inevitably roll off, and the *mandât* which, before we set off, I put therein for safety, may be discovered, and then I shall get into trouble: I beg you will take charge of it." Scheffer took the paper, and placed it in his breast pocket. It was a sort of *blanc seing*, to which the names of Lafayette, Lafitte, Marshals Lobau and Gérard, and one or two other leading men, were appended. The Duke, it was expected, would, on looking at the paper, frame some sort of "declaration" in reply to the missive.

At the Bridge of Neuilly, Scheffer wanted sadly to get rid of his neighbours in the "blouses." Pretending to descry some of the King's troops at a distance, he cried out, "Ah! here come our friends, I see; it is the royal guard!" Whereupon the two attendants judged it prudent to wish them "good morning," and to turn their horses' heads the other way. The two envoys quickly arrived at the Château de Neuilly. M. Scheffer (from whose lips I learned what has been related above) gave me no details of what passed within its walls, except to mention one circumstance, viz., that Madame Adelaide, addressing her brother, had said, "Sire! conduisez-vous en Roi."*

Let me halt a space here to invite attention to the singular fate of Scheffer, in reference to his connexion with the family of Orleans. We have seen that he was the first to open up a prospect of the

* "Sire! pray behave as becomes a king!"

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crown of France to his royal patron, in 1830—eighteen years later, it is again Scheffer, as we shall find, who, by pure accident, hands the King into the "rémise" which bears him away from his capital—never more to return—a dethroned monarch and a fugitive!

The Duchess of Orleans (so says at least Vaulabelle) reproved Scheffer for venturing to suppose that such a proposal as that of which M. Thiers and he were the bearers, could be acceptable to her husband. "That M. Thiers should have done this," said her Royal Highness, "does not surprise me. *He* knows but little about us; but you, Sir,—you who have been admitted to so close an intimacy with this circle, *you* might have appreciated our sentiments more correctly."

But I must not permit myself to linger too long over the details of the negotiation, as between the leading members of the Liberal party and deputies on the one side, and the family of Orleans on the other. They are to be found abundantly distributed through the various memoirs which have been published, relating to this singularly interesting and—I may add—creditable passage of French history. One feature of the transaction, however, I must call attention to—I mean the pertinacious endeavour of General Lafayette to turn to account this rare opportunity, by obtaining some sort of pledges, or guarantees, for the future better administration of the Government. He would, I really believe, have insisted on obtaining better terms for the popular party—even whilst accepting the Duke

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of Orleans as King* — but for the uncertainty felt by a considerable number of persons, as to the relative force of the Royalist troops and the people. The situation was, undeniably, critical: and it is nowise surprising that, since the scales hung vibrating between the courses open, the emphatic counsel of General Sebastiani, to make sure of at least the advantage of ridding the nation of Charles X., should be effectual; nor, that the Assembly should, on the proposition of M. Lafitte, declare, "à l'unanimité" (minus three voices), for appointing M. the Duc d'Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. MM. Labbey de Pompierès and Corcelles, it must be added, loudly insisting on coupling the invitation to that Prince with stipulations and conditions; M. Villemain, on the other hand, crying out, "that they could not pretend to have any right to change the dynasty."

This latter protest falling utterly flat upon the Assembly, twelve names were drawn out by lot to form a commission, which was ordered to wait, forthwith, upon the Duke of Orleans. [This was a few hours after Scheffer had returned from Neuilly.] The commissioners found him not at his residence in the Palais Royal. Neuilly was too near St. Cloud to be

* See the letter which he addressed to the Chamber, then actually deliberating on this point, on the 30th July, by the hands of M. Odillon Barrot (secretary of the municipal commission), who, clothed in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, carried it in person to the Palais Bourbon. (Vaulabelle, vol. viii. p. 347.)

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safe for them, so a messenger was dispatched, bearing a letter signed by the commissioners, and he, having managed to get upon the trace of the missing Duke (whom he discovered alone in a secluded summer-house in the park of Neuilly), brought back an answer that his Royal Highness "would come to Paris on the following day." "To-morrow!" cried M. Lafitte (who was the very soul of the party in whose name the offer was tendered), "let him come this instant, if he values his chance;" and the messenger started afresh for Neuilly.*

One single individual remained closeted with M. Lafitte, at midnight, in his own hôtel (July 30): it was M. Benjamin Constant. The slackness of the Duke occasioned to M. Lafitte some misgivings as to the result of the serious measure which had been taken. He said to his companion, "I wonder what will come of it all, to-morrow?" "To-morrow," replied with his habitual *légèreté*, Benjamin Constant, "why, very likely to-morrow *we* shall all be hanged!" The urgent summons of M. Lafitte, however, determined the hesitating Prince to repair to Paris. He came on foot, attended by two military friends, towards midnight: and slipping through the crowd, unrecognised, entered silently the gates of the Palais Royal, "le Roi du lendemain."

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* Souvenirs de Bérard.

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CHAPTER V.

(REIGN OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.)

1830—1835.

Government of Louis Philippe—The Princess Marie of Orleans—The King orders pictures for Versailles—Scheffer accompanies the King's eldest son to Antwerp—Appearance of the "Francesca di Rimini"—Birth of his daughter—Generous conduct of Ary's mother—Correspondence relative to new government.

THE new order of things encouraged, in most of the Liberal party, hopes of a more approvable system of government. M. Odillon Barrot was named Prefect of the Seine, M. Charles Comte, his friend, Procureur du Roi, and others, of declared popular opinions, received appointments. Scheffer's adhesion to the Orleans ascendancy was of course quickened by feelings of personal attachment to that family, and he continued to be their frequent visitor, as formerly. The King gave him orders for pictures suitable to the galleries of Versailles, whilst the heir apparent (now become Duke of Orleans) bespoke and purchased others, of a stamp more congenial with the painter's own choice and impulses. The young Princess Marie, lately sprung to womanhood, studied and worked as a pupil with Scheffer, and in the master presently found a devoted friend. Their characters, as well as their tastes, happened to fall in with each other, and there is little doubt but that the liberal and patriotic tendencies which existed in that charming young per-

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son's mind, derived strength and confirmation through her conversations with her master. I have heard this alluded to in a tone somewhat akin to censure, but feel persuaded that Scheffer would never have sought to *engraft* his own opinions upon the daughter of his sovereign. Finding the spontaneous dispositions of the Princess accord with them, however, he could hardly do otherwise than allow her to perceive the coincidence.

By all good Frenchmen, the memory of this interesting young Princess is regarded with affection and reverence. Cut off in the morning of life, endowed (as she was) with gifts of every kind, and a heart which throbbed with the truest love of her country—she left a sort of saint-like, luminous track behind her, at her too early departure. Ary Scheffer was grieved to the soul for her loss, for few persons knew and valued the Princess better than himself. I am, fortunately, able to present my readers with a sketch of her character, as well as of his relations with her as "professor," which cannot fail to be acceptable. The sketch is precious, as coming from Scheffer's own pen, but it is, moreover, traced with judgment and a finely discriminating hand.

Arnold Scheffer had once the intention (though it remained unfulfilled) to compose a biographical sketch of the Princess Marie of Wirtemburgh. He requested his brother to aid him, by furnishing some "notes" respecting her early years; and Ary wrote down what follows,* in the year 1839.

"Les 'notes' que tu me demandes, mon chèr

* "To furnish you, my dear Arnold, with what you require of

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Arnold, sur les travaux et sur les idées de la Princesse Marie, sont très difficiles à faire.

" Elevée à la façon de toute princesse, par Madame de Malet, personne fort instruite, fort pieuse, mais aux idées les plus bornées possibles, elle était, *Enfant*, la petite princesse la plus impertinente, la plus étourdie qu'on puisse imaginer. Mais tout en se moquant de ses maîtres, elle apprenait ce qu'il fallait apprendre—langues vivantes, histoire, etc. etc. Un seul maître, (M. Pradher) eut le mérite—par une severité non interrompue, mais sans un mouvement de colère—de lui inspirer du respect—elle lui devait en outre, un talent de musicienne assez distingué.

" Les leçons de dessin que je lui donnai depuis l'âge de douze ans, n'avaient jamais été qu'un passe temps pour elle et pour moi.—Elle faisait peu de progrès, et n'a jamais su dessiner une tête même d'après la bosse. Quand sa sœur ainée s'est mariée, cette jeune

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me, viz., some particulars respecting the Princess Marie of Orleans, is no easy task for me to attempt.

" She was brought up after the manner of all princesses, by Madame de Malet, a person of education, and religiously disposed, but having exceedingly narrow and restricted ideas of things. The Princess was, as a child, impertinent, heedless, and wild to a degree; yet she learned what she was taught—languages, history, and so forth—though habitually indulging in saucy sallies at the expense of her instructors. One of these alone (Mr. Pradher), managed to control the Princess, and, by an inflexible sternness, untinged with angry temper, to inspire his pupil with respect. He also directed (and with ability) her musical talent, which, in itself, was above the ordinary level.

" Such lessons as, from the age of twelve years and onwards, I had been in the habit of giving her, were never much else than an amusing pastime, either for master or pupil. The Princess made but slight progress, and could at no time draw a head correctly, from the plaster model. Upon the marriage of her elder sister, this

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fille, jusque là si étourdie, etait devenue tout d'un coup triste et reflective. Elle me demanda sérieusement de lui donner des leçons capables de la distraire et de l'occuper, tout en me disant que de copier l'ennuyait à mourir.

"Elle essaya de faire des compositions de sujets historiques et de les colorer au lavis. Dès le prémier essai, tout son talent, tout son imagination me furent révèlés. Dans l'éspace de deux ans elle fit plus de cinquante dessins, tout composés, tout trouvés d'expression, avec une originalité et un bonheur très remarquables; mais tous très incorrects de dessin, et bien médiocrement colorés. Les idées etroites de Madame de Malet, les craintes de la Reine, et mon respect, à moi, pour la pudeur de jeune fille, empêcherent les progrés de dessin et d'execution.—Ne pouvant copier que des figures drapées, (et très drapées) elle a toujours ignoré la structure du corps hu-

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young girl, till now careless and unreflecting, became all at once serious and pensive. She entreated me earnestly to afford her instruction of a nature to occupy and interest her mind, and to distract her attention from the loss she had sustained; but she added that, 'as to setting about to *copy*, it was too tiresome an affair by half for her to attempt it.'

"So she took to composing historical subjects, washing them in with water colour. The very first trials which she made, revealed to me the existence of undoubted talent, and of her imaginative faculty. Within the space of two years, she executed more than fifty drawings; all of them showing a certain power of design, carried out with originality and good general effect, though faulty in drawing, and but indifferently coloured. The contracted notions of Madame de Malet, the scruples of the Queen, and the reverential feeling in my own breast, as towards maidenly purity and reserve—all these offered serious impediments to regular artistic instruction; so that, being restricted to the copying of draped figures, (and

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main. Ennuyée de toujours bien composer, et de toujours mal dessiner, elle prit le dessin en dégout, et me demanda un jour si je ne pourrais pas lui donner quelquechose à faire de moins monotone, et que tout le monde ne ferait pas comme elle? Ennuyé moi-même, de corriger tous les jours des bras cassées et des jambes tordues, je l'engageai à essayer de la sculpture, que je n'avais jamais faite, et dont la nouveauté était aussi attrayante pour moi que pour elle.

"Le premier essai fut le petit bas-relief de *Goetz et Martin*, composé simplement, l'execution étant tout à fait l'enfance de l'art.

"Ce premier essai n'était pas encourageant, mais le jour même où cet essai révenait du mouleur, le livre de Quinet, 'Ashéverus' se trouvait sur la table: elle venait de le lire, composa et ébacha sur le champ, Ashéverus, à qui l'ange Gabriel défend l'entrée de sa

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those *abundantly* draped,) the Princess remained, of necessity, wholly unacquainted with the structure of the human body.

"At length, weary of composing cleverly, and executing unskilfully, she became out of humour with her drawing; and one day she inquired of me, 'whether I could not find something for her to do, less dull and monotonous, and less like what other people did?' To say the truth, I was myself somewhat tired of having continually to correct her bad drawing of legs and arms, often distorted and out of all shape. I suggested, then, to the Princess the idea of trying her hand at modelling and sculpture: a walk of art wherein I was equally unpractised with herself, and which therefore offered to both of us the attraction of novelty.

"Our first essay was the small bas-relief of 'Göetz and Martin;' very simply designed, and executed with the imperfect skill of mere novices. This was not a very encouraging beginning, certainly; but it happened that on the day when the plaster cast of the clay model was sent home, M. Quinet's book, 'Ahasuerus,' fell into the hands of the Princess. She began a group forthwith, of 'Ahasuerus refused admittance within the abode of the Angel Gabriel.' In this 'bas-relief'

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maison. Dans ce bas-relief, l'instinct de sculpture se révèle: la connaissance des plans, une forme particulière et originale, une expression frappante, denotant une vraie vocation d'artiste. Dès ce moment elle prit la passion de la sculpture, et moi, pour dire vrai, la passion de lui donner des leçons. Pendant qu'elle travaillait, je lui cherchais des sujets à exécuter; dans Quinet, puis dans Schiller, qu'elle ne connaissait pas; puis dans Goethe.—Le premier sujet qu'elle prit fut 'le Reveil du Poëte,' qu'elle composa entièrement, dont je lui dessinai seulement quelques têtes sur papier.—Ce bas-relief est, pour quiconque a le gout de l'art, une chose admirable de conception, et pour tout homme qui peut juger de la difficulté vraie, une chose hors ligne. La manière dont instinctivement elle a deviné les plans multipliés de ce bas-relief, et dont les caractères divers des personnages sont indiqués, ne peuvent vraiment se comprendre dans une jeune fille qui, en sculpture en était à son troisième essai, et qui n'avait lu les poëtes et romanciers que sous la direc-

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was now disclosed the indubitable instinct of a sculptor. Along with a perception of distances (by diversity of surface), and quite an original style of arranging the figures, there was joined so much of expression, that the whole thing bore evidence of a true vocation for the art.

"From this moment, a passion for sculpture took deep hold of the Princess, and I must own that I felt scarcely less pleasure in giving her lessons in it. Whilst *she* was at work, *I* sought out suitable subjects for her to execute; in the works of Quinet, then in those of Schiller (which were new to her): and later, from those of Goethe. Her first choice fell upon 'le Reveil du Pöete,' from which she 'composed' the whole of a bas-relief: my aid being rendered by drawing heads for her on paper. Viewed as an ideal piece of sculpture, and furthermore, as a triumph over recognised difficulties, this performance must be regarded as something extraordinary in itself; but, as the production of a young girl, who was actually only

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tion d'une gouvernante devôte. Après ce bas-relief, elle fit le modèle de bronze de 'Jeanne à cheval;' la conception est entièrement d'elle, la figure de Jeanne est bien trouvée, mais dans l'exécution matérielle je l'aidai beaucoup. A cette époque le Roi avait commandé à Pradier, notre premier statuaire, une statue de Jeanne d'Arc, pour Versailles. Mal inspiré, Pradier fit un modèle qui ne rendait nullement cette noble figure; alors le Roi commanda un autre projet de statue à sa fille; la Princesse accepta, apres m'avoir consulté, mais à condition de faire *aussi* la grande statue, si le modèle réussissait.

"Ce fut au moment de commencer ce travail qu'elle perdit Madame de Malet. Cette pauvre femme, qui, tout en idolatrant son élève, la querellait du matin au

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at her third attempt in modelling, and who had read works of poetry and fiction under the sober influence of a gouvernante of strict piety, this work is truly surprising; the gradations of the ground plan, and the characteristic indications of the various personages introduced, being managed with singular and happy ingenuity.

"After completing this 'bas-relief,' she modelled the 'Joan of Arc on horseback,' of which the conception is entirely due to herself. The figure of 'Joan' has much merit, but in the manipulation of this model I gave the Princess a good deal of help.

"About this period, the King had bespoken of Pradier—our most approved artist in statuary—a monumental figure of Joan of Arc, for the museum of Versailles. Pradier chanced to be in no happy vein at the moment, and so produced a design, which fell far short of the mark. The King, not feeling satisfied with it, asked his daughter to try and invent another; she accepted the commission, after consulting with myself, but coupled her acceptance with this stipulation—that should her design be successful, she should be entrusted with the execution of it in the marble.

"Just as the Princess had begun upon this task, she lost Madame de Malet. To this poor woman,—who, whilst she idolized her young charge, nevertheless tormented her from morning to night,—

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soir, mais dont la bonté et le dévouement désintéressées rachetait tout l'ennui, reçut de la Princesse Marie durant sa maladie, des soins de fille. Elle ne quitta pas sa vieille gouvernante pendant plusieurs jours et plusieurs nuits, et reçut son dernier soupir. La séparation avec sa sœur avait operé un premier changement dans son esprit; la perte de sa gouvernante changea complètement son cœur; ses regrets pour cette pauvre femme ont duré tout sa vie, et à chaque instant elle invoquait son souvenir. Madame de Malet m'avait beaucoup aimé; à cause de cela surtout, la confiance de la princesse pour moi redoubla. Elle me fit chercher au moment ou sa gouvernante venait d'expirer, et je puis dire que jamais je n'ai vu douleur plus vraie, ni plus touchante.

"Au bout de peu de temps je la forçai de recommencer à travailler. Une grande composition

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the Princess rendered the tender offices of a daughter; attending upon her as such, assiduously, all through her illness. She would not quit her sick chamber during several days and nights, until she at length received Madame de Malet's last breath. The devoted affection and disinterested character of Madame de Malet, had caused her tiresome, querulous ways to be forgiven by those about her, insomuch that the Princess mourned over her loss with genuine regret. The parting from her own sister had brought about the first change in her character; the separation which now took place by the death of her 'gouvernante,' affected her feelings profoundly, and indeed shed a painful reminiscence over her whole after life.

"Madame de Malet had always shown partiality towards myself, which encouraged the Princess to repose confidence in me. When her 'gouvernante' died, she sent for me to come to her, and I may say that never was grief more sincere or more affecting to witness.

"In the course of a little time I persuaded her to resume work again. Her attention first fixed itself upon a grand composition,*

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* "Ahasuerus" is the title of a French tale, or sort of "biblical novel," *I believe;* but I have never seen the book.

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'd'Ashéverus' l'occupa d'abord—En haut, Dieu: dans le milieu le Christ portant sa croix, et le Juif qui lui refuse de se reposer à sa porte—a droite les tribus primitives descendant l'Himalaya — à gauche, les monuments de la civilisation Egyptienne, Grécque et Romaine; en bas l'enfer, recevant dans ses bras les trophées des batailles qui ont terminé les grandes epoques historiques. Tout cela, merveilleusement arrangé et bien dessiné, aurait fait honneur à tout artiste distingué.

Elle commença la grande figure de Jeanne d'Arc. L'experience materielle lui manquait ainsi qu'à moi. Au lieu d'exécuter cette figure en terre, qui est facile à manier, nous imaginâmes de la faire en cire. Elle tomba deux fois, s'affaissa une troisième; puis toujours impossibilité d'avoir des modèles. Malgré toutes ces difficultés, cette statue est la meilleure statue moderne de Versailles. La

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'Ahasuerus.' Above she placed the figure of the Deity; in the centre Jesus Christ, bearing the cross, and the Jew who refuses him permission to rest beneath his porch. On the right, native tribes descending from the Himalaya mountains: on the left, monuments indicative of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilization. In the lower part of the design are represented infernal personages receiving the trophies of battles which had closed one or other of certain great historic periods. All this, wonderfully well handled, and skilfully composed, might have done credit to no matter what artist, however distinguished.

"She then set to work upon the modelling of her celebrated figure, 'Joan of Arc watching by her Armour,' in attempting which, both the fair sculptor and myself found ourselves very deficient in the mechanical experience required. Instead of moulding the form in clay, we took it into our heads to model it in wax. It fell to pieces more than once, then it bent down at a third attempt; furthermore, living models were unattainable. For all this, the statue finally came out the finest *modern* figure to be found at Versailles! Not alone does its impressive attitude, its simplicity,

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noblesse, la simplicité, et un admirable caractère feminin la distinguent des vulgaires productions qui l'entourent, parce qu'elle porte non seulement l'empreinte du talent, mais surtout l'expression de l'âme élevée de son auteur! Le succès de cette statue fût immense; les adulations ne manquèrent pas, mais jamais je n'ai vu un mépris plus grand pour les flatteries, que celui qu'elle éxprima; quoique bien méprisante dans cette occasion, comme, du reste, toujours pour l'entourage officiel, elle était ravie comme un enfant, du succès de son œuvre parmi le peuple, et surtout parmi les soldats.

"Depuis elle fit 'la Périe' portant aux pieds de l'eternel les larmes du pêcheur repentant—l'ange à la porte du ciel—le groupe d'Ashéverus et Rachel—le buste de sa sœur et de son fils—deux petits groupes équestres, et 'le Pelerin' de Schiller. Dans chaque œuvre subséquente, il y avait progrès. Le travail

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and its distinctive feminine character contrast favourably with certain vulgar productions among which it stands, but it carries upon itself the stamp both of the genius and the elevation of soul possessed by its author.

"The success which attended the appearance of this statue was prodigious. The most flattering applause was lavished upon it, yet I never saw flattery received with greater indifference than by this Princess. Though always manifesting, more or less plainly, her contempt for the 'official tribe' around her, she was as delighted as would have been any child, at the success of her work among *the people;* and, more than all, with the admiration bestowed on it by the soldiers.

"Succeeding to the above came—I. 'The Peri' bearing the tears of the repentant sinner to the foot of the throne of grace. II. Angel at the gates of Heaven. III. Ahasuerus and Rachel. IV. Bust of her sister, with her son. V. Two small equestrian groups; and VI. the 'Pilgrim,' from Schiller. In each of these

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était dévenu une telle passion pour elle, qu'à l'insu de sa famille elle y donnait une partie de ses nuits. Elle rêvait une vie élevée d'artiste, et d'éxercer une grande influence sur les arts en France. Elle lisait tout ce qui pouvait développer son intelligence; œuvres de science, comme œuvres d'imagination; tout était lu, et bien compris par elle. Elle admirait tout ce qui était, ou paraissait, grand et beau. Les larmes lui sont venues dans les yeux quand elle apprit la mort de Carrel, qu'elle jugeait, pourtant, très bien, être l'ennemi le plus dangereux de sa famille. Son cœur avait toute la foi religieuse qu'un noble cœur de femme peut contenir, mais son esprit osait aborder toutes les questions, et ne réculait, en discutant, devant aucune de leurs conséquences. Avec ses gouts d'artiste, avec l'élèvation de son esprit, avec sa bonté de cœur (qui était toute autre chose que la bonté

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performances, and in some which followed, decided and progressive improvement was discernible. The occupation had, indeed, taken such hold upon her that, unknown to her parents, she would actually sit up at night to pursue it. Her settled dream was, to lead the life of an elevated, conscientious artist, and thus to exercise a beneficial influence over high art in France. She chose for her studies books calculated to ripen and develope her intellectual faculties. Scientific treatises, imaginative works, everything was read, and read with profit, by her. All that seemed great and worthy of admiration she prized at its full value. Thus, on learning the sad end of Armand Carrel, the tears rose to her eyes, notwithstanding that he was, and that she knew him to be, perhaps the most formidable among the enemies of her house.

"In the heart of this Princess dwelt a religious faith, such as became a noble, womanly heart. Nevertheless, her ardent mind sought to penetrate into subjects offering certain difficulties, without fear of being led into danger by the inquiry.

"The artistic tastes of the Princess, the lofty range of her under-

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banale des grands) elle devait se trouver en désaccord continuel avec l'entourage royal. Elle avait le sentiment aristocratique, mais n'était nullement *Princesse*. Toutes ses amitiés d'enfance, elle les avait réligieusement conservées jusqu'à sa mort. Avec un sentiment de patriotisme français très exalté, elle avait pris une haine profonde pour ce qui se passait en France. Sa maladie et les derniers mois de sa vie, mois de souffrance, dont elle savait la fin avant de quitter la France, sont un exemple de grandeur et de resignation."

In 1832 the King requested Scheffer to accompany his eldest son to Antwerp, where the siege operations were being actively carried on: General Baudrand, the military governor, as it were, of the young Duke of Orleans, having the responsible charge of him on

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standing, and the sterling benevolence of her heart (which was quite a different thing from the 'kindness' often present in the royal character), all combined to engender a coldness and contrariety of views between herself and the persons composing the Court of her royal father. Her sentiments were of the kind termed aristocratic; still she was, properly speaking, in nowise the 'Princess.' Such early friendships as she had contracted in her childhood were religiously cherished and cultivated up to her dying day. Animated as the Princess was by patriotic ardour in desiring the welfare of her country, it was to be expected that what was passing before her eyes in France should inspire her, as it did, with profound disapprobation and disgust.

"Her pulmonary disease, which lasted several months—months of physical suffering—was borne by the Princess with a resignation and courageous self-command worthy of herself. She was aware, indeed, of the inevitable fate which hung over her, even before she took leave of her family to go to her new home in Wirtemburg.

"A. S., 1839."

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this expedition. Scheffer had enjoyed, from the first, the confidence and respect of the young Prince, and he contributed in no small degree to influence his character and form his opinions, in such manner as to prepare him one day to fulfil "the hopes of France."

As a circumstance closely connected with my subject nearly coincides in order of time with this period, I will here mention that, in the summer of 1830 Scheffer became the father of a female infant. It is less common in Paris than in England, for young men to contract improvident marriages, and to imperil their whole future prospects from inability to exercise the virtue of self-control. But in place of the casual indulgences of the passions — ever fraught with injury to a man's humane and generous feelings—Scheffer had formed a more exclusive and satisfying connexion. The name and quality of the person to whom he had attached himself, remained untold, down to Scheffer's closing hour. All that is known, even to his intimate friends, is, that she died, not long subsequent to the birth of her child.

After watching over the infant with paternal care (it was nursed in the country) during seven years, its existence came to Madame Scheffer's knowledge, when she, without hesitation, proposed to her son to acknowledge his daughter, and allow it to be carefully educated under her eye, at their own home. Madame Scheffer acted in this affair like a generous and high-souled woman; I may add, like a far-sighted mother. Still, she could not have divined the extent of the benefit which she thus prepared for the future of her beloved son. It will hereafter be seen that, from the filial attachment and the noble qualities of "Cornélie"

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(so the young girl was called), Scheffer, in his latter years, derived some of the brightest of the few cheering rays of happiness which illumined his otherwise clouded existence. But to resume the artistic thread.

We will take this up at the point of time when the greatest of the products of Scheffer's poetic pencil burst upon the world of art—the "Francesca di Rimini," as it is called, though "Paolo" is almost as important a figure in the group as herself. When first exhibited in 1835, in the Salon du Louvre, it excited universal curiosity and attention. I scarcely know how to speak without presumption of this most impressive work, at the present day, seeing that its commanding merits have assigned it a place among the *chefs d'œuvres* of our century. Nevertheless, my cordial appreciation of all the beauty and romance which breathes forth in this composition—of the felicitous grouping of the two figures—the fine treatment of the flesh, the grace and tenderness present in the Francesca, together with a certain "halo" of spiritual existence diffused over the scene—my profound appreciation of all this, I repeat, would, if yielded to, easily tempt me into enthusiasm. The picture was immediately bought by the Duke of Orleans, and, at the sale which took place of the property of his family, after the Revolution of February, 1848, it passed into the possession of the Prince Anatole Demidoff, who placed it in his gallery at Florence.*

The year 1835 was indeed a marked epoch in

* See, for some particulars of this picture and its "repetitions," Appendix (D), especially of the "Replica" which figured in the Scheffer Exhibition of 1859.

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Scheffer's artist career. He had illustrated the conceptions of three true poets—Goethe, Byron, and Dante: rising in power at each successive stage, and by the last composition taking rank, confessedly, among the most distinguished painters of France.

The amount of labour, thought, and attention which Scheffer brought to the production of the picture in question, must have been enormous. In truth, his technical education having been so imperfect, he was forced to climb the steep of art by drawing upon his own resources, and thus, whilst his hand was at work, his mind was engaged in meditation. He had to try various processes of handling—experiments in colouring—to paint and repaint, with tedious and unremitting assiduity. We shall see indeed, in the progress of this memoir, how lasting was Scheffer's consciousness of the incompleteness of his early training in what related to the craft, and to the precious secrets of the "palette."

But Nature had endowed him with that which proved in some sort an equivalent for shortcomings of a professional kind. His own elevation of character, and his profound sensibility, aided him in acting upon the feelings of others through the medium of the pencil. To use his own words:—

"Pour être artiste, il faut avoir en soi un sentiment élevé, ou une conviction puissante, dignes d'être exprimé par une langue qui peut être, indifféremment, la prose, la poesie, la musique, la sculpture, ou la peinture."*

* "To be a true artist, one must possess, within oneself, a certain elevation of sentiment, with deep and powerful convictions, worthy of being expressed by one or other of the arts—by prose composition, poetry, music, sculpture, or painting."

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And again, "C'est que réellement, l'artiste le plus eminent n'a rien créé ni rien inventé; il a seulement rendu fidèlement les impressions du beau, du sublime, et du bon, qu'il a reçues de la nature entière. Je dis *expressément* la nature entière, parceque à coté des parties palpables qui s'adressent à nos yeux et à nos sens, il y a cette partie qui parle diréctement à notre âme, sans interprète matériel visible," &c. &c.*

The passage here quoted forms part of an "address to his pupils," in whose progress and welfare Scheffer always took a paternal interest. He was accustomed to supply them with funds to enable them to make the journey to Rome and other cities, in the pursuit of their professional studies; and many of the copies of old masters' works, brought back by the young *élèves*, were purchased by Scheffer by way of encouragement to them to persevere.

We will again suspend here the course of the "painter," to retrace the political current of existence, which ever ran side by side with the other. We have seen the doleful issue of the efforts made by the Liberals of France during the last "decade" of the Restoration, down to 1830. Those which they made, in harmony with the public sentiment of the nation,

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* "To speak strictly, the most accomplished artist has neither invented, nor created anything: he has, simply, striven to reproduce, faithfully, those impressions of the beautiful, the sublime, and the pure, which he has derived from all nature. I say, advisedly, *all nature*, because, over and above those obvious qualities which address themselves to our eyes, and to our senses, there exist in nature unseen influences, which affect our mind and feelings, without passing through any material medium."

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in that memorable year, having been crowned with unexpected success, it was a season of hope, almost of exultation, which followed upon the accession of Louis Philippe of Orleans.

But the spirits of the Liberals were not long in becoming affected by sinister apprehensions. One after another (M. Odillon Barrot among the earliest) of the Liberal party were dismissed, and the march of political affairs grew less and less conformable to the expectations of the "Gauche." Perhaps I may be forgiven for introducing in this place, an extract from a letter addressed to myself by a member of the French Chamber, himself of no mean personal distinction. It will serve to enlighten the reader upon the opinion entertained of the "government of July" at this early stage.

"Paris, Avril 3, 1832.

"Que dites vous de la marche déplorable que suit notre gouvernement depuis qu'il a été créé et mis au monde? Je m'imagine que nous vous faisons pitié, si même nous ne vous inspirons pas un sentiment encore moins flatteur. Nous avons pris un peu de tous les régimes qui nous ont précédés; la corruption du Directoire, les fanfaronades et les brutalités de l'Empire, l'hypocrisie et la lacheté de la Réstoration. Tout cela, mis ensemble, et bien mélangé, forme un composé qui s'est appelé "le Juste-milieu." Je me hâte de dire, pour l'honneur de la France, que c'est le gouvernement le plus impopulaire que nous ayons vu depuis un demi siècle. . . . . .
Le Juste-milieu a trouvé le moyen de grossir tous

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les partis; il multiplie tous les jours le nombre des Républicains, des Légitimistes, des Napoléonistes; mais tous paraissent également à craindre. C'est, au reste, ce qui fait la principale force du ministère et de la dynastie de Louis Philippe. Notre révolution a été faite trop vite et trop facilement: le pouvoir était sorti des mains des patriotes presqu'avant qu'ils se fussent apperçus qu'il y etait tombé. Ils ont manqué une belle occasion de donner à la France une organisation complete; ils ne la retrouveront plus. . . .

. . . Nos amis, et particulièrement le Général Lafayette, sont un peu découragés: ils ont presque perdu l'éspérance de voir rentrer le gouvernement qu'ils ont contribué à fonder, dans des voies nationales. Ils se réprochent probablement, d'avoir été trop confians, et cela ne peut qu'augmenter leur tristesse. Il faut dire aussi qu'on les a cruellement trompé, et qu'il ne leur etait pas permis de supposer que la fausseté serait poussée si loin."* . . . . . .

* "What say you to the deplorable march of affairs here? Methinks it is enough to inspire you with a sentiment of pity, perhaps with a sentiment still less flattering to us. We seem to have united, in our present Government, the various defects exhibited under former 'régimes'—the corruption of the Directory, the boastings and brutality of the Empire, the hypocrisy and meanness of the 'Restoration.' All these, well mixed and stirred together, compose what is termed our 'Juste milieu.' To be just, I ought to add that this is the most unpopular Government which has existed in France for half a century. . . . . This 'Juste milieu' has contrived to swell the numbers of every section of politicians. Each day adds fresh strength to the Republican, to the Legitimist, to the Bonapartist parties; but they seem, all, to inspire fear and dislike. In fact, it is this which constitutes the principal force of both the ministry and the dynasty of Louis Philippe. Our revolution has been made too rapidly, and too easily. The directing power passed

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(*From another Correspondent*).*

"Paris, 1832.

"Je ne sais aucune nouvelle interessante à vous mander en politique; nous vivons dans un état de malaise et de découragement bien pénible; les mêmes 'mangeurs de budjets' que nous avons eu sous tous les régimes, ont pris pour eux tous les avantages de notre révolution. Ils se sont emparés de l'esprit du roi, et lui ont persuadé que ceux qui l'avaient placés sur le trône voulaient le renverser; et enfin ils ont si bien fait, que nous sommes absolûment, à present, comme nous étions sous la restoration."†

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out of the hands of the patriots, almost before they were conscious of its having fallen into their possession. They have missed an excellent opportunity of bestowing upon France a complete organization: one which they never will overtake. . . . . Our friends, especially General Lafayette, are somewhat disheartened; they have nearly relinquished all hope of seeing the Government, which owes its existence to them, pursue a course beneficial to the nation. They probably feel that they have been much too confiding, but this only serves to depress their spirits further. One cannot but allow, however, that they were cruelly '*taken in*,' and that they could hardly have been prepared for so large an employment of the art of dissembling." . . . .

* M. Jean Baptiste Say.

† "I have no news of any interest, as regards politics, to send you; we live in a condition of uneasy discouragement which it is hard to endure. The same 'budget devourers' whom we have had under every successive 'régime,' have secured for themselves all the advantage of our revolution; and these people have got round the King, and have made him believe that the party to whom he owes his throne are bent upon dispossessing him of it. In short, they have managed matters so completely their own way, that we are, literally, at this present time, precisely where we were under the Restoration."

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The above extracts will serve to furnish a notion of the extent to which political disappointment prevailed among the advanced liberal party in France. They must for the present close the subject of public affairs, whilst we return to that of Scheffer's personal life and occupations.

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CHAPTER VI.

1835—1847.

Death of the Princess Marie—Scheffer's close attention to his profession—His great love for his mother—Remarks on some of Scheffer's works—His advance towards excellence—Causes of this—Spirited colloquy with the King—Advice to his daughter—Her marriage.

THE loss of the Princess Marie about this period, together with the visible decline of Madame Scheffer's vital powers, served to throw around the path of her sons, depressing influences; so that although, as an artist, Ary Scheffer was now followed, flattered, and admired, his inward life bore the impress of discouragement.

The necessity under which he lay, of working incessantly, in order to furnish the means of fitly educating "Cornélie," [in addition to his usual current expenditure,] had doubtless its use in forcing his mind to fix itself on subjects apart from the distasteful realities of the day. Arrived, after years of toil, at a somewhat more complete mastery over mechanical difficulties, Scheffer produced, with more or less rapidity, a number of pictures of importance between 1832 and 1838. Portraits of the King (on horseback), of the Duc d'Orleans, of the Queen of the Belgians (full

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length), of Marshal Lobau, the Prince de Joinville, of General Ney, Professor Marjolin, and others, fall into this category; yet, during this same period, Scheffer's ideal pencil was scarcely less active than his imitative one. Not to mention the splendid performances discussed in the preceding chapter, we are likewise indebted to it for the two "Mignons,"* for the "Margaret coming out of Church," the "Roi de Thulé," and the grand composition of "Le Christ Consolateur." The "Mignons" became the property of the Duke of Orleans, and were bequeathed by him to Count Molé, with whose descendants they have remained.

As embodying this romantic creation of Goethe's fancy, the two figures in question have always possessed peculiar interest, not only for the connoisseur, but for all educated beholders. Few have ever, I believe, gazed upon the sad, forlorn aspect of the friendless maiden without feeling profoundly touched. And why? A single figure in complete repose,—poor, wan, half-clothed, half-grown,—how does she manage to move you? How? The girl has a soul: full of deep, refined sentiment; it is a real and genuine melancholy, and both the expression of the face, and the attitude, tranquil and passive though this be, forcibly unlocks your sympathy, and draws you with emotion and tender pity towards the poetical being before you. Such an effect is precisely that which so many painters strain after, and which it was Scheffer's especial gift to attain. Exceptions have been taken to the treat-

* A third, "Mignon and the Harper," was painted some years later.

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ment of these figures; *ex. gr.*, their hardness of outline, their heaviness of colour, some imperfect drawing in the feet and ankles, and the like. To such criticism one can only oppose the wide-spread attraction which the "Mignons" possess: recollecting that Rubini moved us even to tears, when almost without a voice; that Thomas Moore captivated all listeners with scarcely a *musical* tone in his; and that Pasta reigned supreme with but slender advantages of person, and limited vocal power—all of these effects being produced by the magic touch of sympathetic genius.* The vast field of art offers, in truth, so many varieties of excellence, that the best critic is he who keeps his mind open to the merits of every style. I fear, however, that we shall ever continue, in a certain sense, sectarians in art: special idolatry being a more animating and agreeable state of mind than that to which a catholic and equitable judgment would conduct us.

In the year 1839 Scheffer completed two pictures, the painting of which he had evidently felt to be a "labour of love:" both of them representing the likeness of his incomparable mother. For truth, dignity of character, moral beauty, and the serenity of declining age, the single figure portrait must be ranked very high. Colour there is little or none, but here, this circumstance, as in some other examples of

* In our own day, in the height of English enthusiasm for Jenny Lind's lyric talent, critics were not wanting, who hammered away weekly at proving that the "Swedish Nightingale" could not sing Italian music. But learning is not always a match for sensibility, especially when multitudes concur in a common sentiment of admiration.

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the master, rather tends to heighten than diminish the effect. However much I admire this portrait, I still venture to question the propriety of laying out the hands and arms on two parallel lines? It somewhat formalizes the "pose," detracting from its feminine grace. Yet the painter must have had his reasons for this arrangement, if one could but have learned them! The second work pourtrays the beloved and venerable woman in her final moments, giving her blessing to the daughters of her two sons. It tells of pious resignation, and the tender feelings which filled her whole being when her sons or their children were present.

The grateful love and devotion borne by Scheffer towards his mother formed, through her life, the moving, the dominant spring of his actions.* No wonder, then, that the grief which Ary (and it must be added, her other sons) felt at the loss of this sole parent† was poignant in the extreme, and suggestive of what our own Thomas Gray, the poet, wrote to a friend when suffering under a like bereavement:—"I felt, then, with all my full heart, that one *can* have but *one* mother!"

It strikes me that some of the productions of Scheffer's hand, during the period immediately succeeding to 1839, are chargeable with a certain languor

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* Where a son and mother have been united by similar strong bonds of love and mutual confidence, it may generally be presumed that both individuals possessed moral qualities of a high order.

† This event took place in the summer of 1839, after repeated attacks of illness, both of the old complaint and of fever: the three brothers receiving the last sigh of their expiring mother.

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and tameness. The portrait of Madame de Fitz-James, for instance, with her three children, executed in 1842—a work which would have been more suitably deposited elsewhere, than in a collection intended to do honour to the painter. Neither will the "Christ" of this period bear comparison with others of a later date; the "Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants,"* being, in my view at least, quite unworthy of Scheffer's reputation. We are in some sort justified in supposing this languor to have been the consequence of his mental sorrow, because shortly afterwards his better vein of composition returned, with more than its former *élan* and vigour.† In 1844 appeared "Les Rois Mages," a work which evinces progress in his method of colouring, as well as a greater boldness of style. The heads of the "Magi" are powerfully painted, with a cast of the oriental in character. We are, it is true, still among *facts* here; not much of "ideality" looks out in "The Three Kings." But we have not long to wait, before another and a loftier composition salutes our eager eyes, in "Les Saintes Femmes:" not in the "Salon," however, this time, whither Scheffer sent no more pictures after the year 1846. He is known to have felt a kind of impatience of the judgment of "the crowd," and therefore preferred exhibiting his pictures in the "studio," to the discriminating few, rather than to the general gaze. As the "Saintes Femmes" (finished in 1847) may be

* No. 51 in Catalogue, 1859.

† I must not, however, omit to mention one picture of the date of 1841, "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," in which may be found examples of human beauty and expression, of great merit.

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regarded as properly opening that phase of Scheffer's artistic course in which his later triumphs were achieved, I take leave to offer some few remarks upon the unquestionable advance made by him, about this time, in his treatment of biblical subjects.

Scheffer was at this period entering upon his fifty-second year, an age when a full experience of men and things usually brings its fruit, in the form of what the French term *désillusionnement.* His enthusiasm for the public weal, which had animated him to both active and passive sacrifices during the plenitude of his powers, was effectually damped by the mortifications which he, along with other high-minded Frenchmen, was forced to submit to under the new dynasty. Disgusted by the vulgar politics "buzzing" around him—farther depressed in spirits by the disastrous death (in 1842) of the heir to the throne, on whom he had placed his last fond hope of future better days for France—Scheffer drew closer and closer to his art: ceasing to connect himself with public affairs, otherwise than as a member of the National Guard (in which he held the rank of Captain), performing its duties and obligations like other men.

In the comparative seclusion of the Rue Chaptal, and with a taste and judgment ripened by long practice and thoughtful meditation—seeing little company beyond a few privileged friends and amateurs of art—Scheffer's imagination had more ample leisure than heretofore for attentive and sustained concentration on lofty and sacred subjects. I believe (in spite of what Diderot says) that in order to excite profound emotion

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in others, in any walk of art—painting, acting, or singing—you must either experience such in your own person, or arrive at a strong belief of its presence by a previous effort of fancy. Such effort is, however, only fruitful when pursued in solitude, and under perfect abstraction from disturbing forces. The secret of Scheffer's advance in the power of investing his compositions with a deeply sentimental charm, lay, as I conceive, partly in his strict devotion to his art, partly in a greater abstinence from the external commerce of society.*

"Les Saintes Femmes" (which by some is looked upon as Scheffer's masterpiece) became the property of the Duchess of Orleans, a lady well qualified to judge and appreciate its merits. Few of the author's works on scriptural subjects have met with more extensive admiration than this picture, which may be said to approximate to the highest type of pictorial art; whether we contemplate its purity of design, the harmony of the sober colouring, or the almost celestial expression of the two rapt female heads.

Shortly after this grand effort (as though his mind

* Although he kept up his connexion with the Tuileries, it was the widowed Duchess of Orleans, and the young Count de Paris, whom he saw most of; the last-mentioned taking drawing lessons of him at intervals. With this section of the Royal family, indeed, his interest was peculiarly lively. Nevertheless, I may venture to affirm that the attachment he felt for the whole family ranked among the foremost of his friendly and grateful affections. Towards Louis Philippe himself, Scheffer's earlier sentiments became, latterly, unavoidably tinctured with displeasure, and he saw the King but seldom after the year 1840.

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sought change and relief in treating purely human concerns) Scheffer painted his "Four Ages."*

A lady (a countrywoman of ours) distinguished for her knowledge and cultivation of art, speaks of this picture with warm eulogy, thus,—

"The 'Four Ages' is a gem! a small, long picture.

I. Two children—boy and girl—playing together.

II. An older girl and a youth, (the maiden seated, with her back to him) half shy, half sulky, who have just discovered that their hearts are beating.

III. A middle-aged couple, staidly loving; and lastly,

IV. A feeble old pair, each tender of the other's infirmity.

"This is an exquisite picture—a sweet lesson of life—a type for each age."

The same pen makes mention of the "Margaret at her Spinning-wheel," also in the collection of M. Nottebohn (not the one which was exhibited), as follows:—

"The Margaret—life-size—is a picture of more than common excellence, adding to all his pathos the most gorgeous colouring. The flesh is warm and transparent, and her high-backed chair and yellow curtain behind, are quite Venetian. It is the finest *art*, in technical matters, I have yet seen by Scheffer."

Of "The Annunciation to the Shepherds"—also in M. Nottebohn's possession—the correspondent, quoted above, has the same high opinion as myself. See p. 61, note (†).

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* It belongs to M. Nottebohn, of Rotterdam, but was not among the works lent by that gentleman to the Exhibition of 1859.

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Under the date of 1846 we find some compositions of first-rate interest and merit. Among the foremost may be cited the "Faust and Marguerite in the Garden," "Dante and Beatrice," and the "St. Monica with St. Augustin;" each of these embodying a different form of sentiment, yet each, one of an absorbing kind. The first of these—widely known through the engraving—whilst indicative of tender, amorous feelings, nowise trenches upon the "modesty of nature." A young and handsome couple, finely drawn, standing in a natural attitude (an attitude, by the way, in some sort original in itself), expressive of newly awakened love, must ever be a subject possessing universal interest and attraction, independently of its connexion with Goethe's great poem.*

The "Beatrice and Dante" is intended to imply another phase of the passion. The poet, represented in a rapt, admiring, confiding state of mind, is gazing up at Beatrice, whom he regards as his quasi-celestial guide to the empyrean regions of bliss. These two impressive figures, however, can hardly suggest any other than spiritual or mystic relations, and fall, properly speaking, under the head of "poetical creations."†

* Of late years a print has been seen in every print-shop of London, calling itself "The First Kiss," which affords an example of the absence of the very quality which one admires in Scheffer's composition: it is, in fact, but a vulgar production, designed for "the million," to their misfortune!

† The discovery at Florence of an original portrait of Dante, by Giotto, of the date of 1300, coinciding with the commencement of this picture, Scheffer employed a young painter to go and make a copy of this head for him, in order that he might reproduce, on his own canvas, the best attested likeness of the great poet.

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The St. Monica, again, combines the historical with the religious element. In the fulness of faith is discerned the rapidly departing spirit, clinging to mortality only through the ties of maternal affection; whilst St. Augustin, her son, is agitated by the conflict between his reason and a filial sympathy with his mother's convictions. All this is wonderfully well expressed by the painter. I may here quote the words of a friend (an "habitué" of Scheffer's "atelier") in reference to this solemn subject:—

"Je n'oublierai jamais l'émotion que cette composition me fit éprouver quand je la vis, esquissée légèrement à la craie sur la toile; il n'y avait pas à se méprendre sur le sens et l'attribution de chacune de ces deux figures; mais Scheffer *seul*, peut-être, était capable de les rendre ainsi reconnaissables sans un détail de costume, sans un accessoire indicateur."*

Scheffer was now acknowledged as the most effective living painter in the walk of religious Art. The St. Monica, indeed, produced so permanent an impression that several copies of the picture have since been made; all of them in the artist's own "atelier." The original remains, I believe, to this day in the possession of the Queen Marie Amélie. The *best* "Replica," perhaps, is that which Scheffer bequeathed to his daughter; another copy, I have been informed,

* "I shall never forget the emotion with which I first caught sight of this composition, although merely sketched on the canvas in white chalk. There was no mistaking the purport and the intention apparent in each of these two figures. But Scheffer alone, perhaps, was capable of stamping them with a character so fraught with individual meaning as to be recognisable, in spite of the absence of costume, and of all accessories of detail."

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is in Poland; a third graces the "salon" of an accomplished English lady in London, for whom it was expressly painted; and I am not sure whether these three are all that exist.

I have spoken of the friendly intercourse which Scheffer maintained with the Royal family; the Comte de Paris became, in his turn, a pupil, thus furnishing a new link in this long-standing connexion. An anecdote which I once heard, from undoubted authority, will serve to show how undeviating was Scheffer's self-assertion in his relations with the Tuileries. The King had entreated him to compose a design for a monument, wherewith to adorn the little edifice erected on the spot where his lamented son, the late Duke of Orleans, met his death. Scheffer willingly set to work, and after a time brought his drawing to show to his Majesty. Having attentively studied it, the King said, "It is just the thing, and quite meets my wishes: Pradier shall execute this." "Pardon, Sire," replied Scheffer, "mais Pradier n'en est pas capable." "Et pourquoi non?" inquired the King. "Parceque, votre Majesté, Pradier a fait, ces dernières années, trop d'objets de métier pour vendre." "Eh bien, n'importe! c'est toujours Pradier qui le fera." "Pardon, Sire," said Scheffer (deliberately), "mais Pradier-ne-le-fera-pas." "Comment, *ne le fera pas?* Eh! si je l'ordonne?" "Ce sera encore la même chose; la volonté de l'artiste aura plus d'autorité sur lui que les commandes du monarque même."* The

* "Pardon, Sire, but Pradier is not equal to the task." "And pray why not?" "Because, your Majesty, Pradier has made too many things to sell, of late years, or 'shop' articles." "Ah, well,

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King now became irritated at this quiet, yet firm resistance to his will, and, losing his temper, he began to use somewhat strong language, so Scheffer quitted his presence.

On the next morning, while at work at his easel, he was informed that an "officier d'ordonnance du Roi" wished to see him. "Oh, ho!" said Scheffer to himself, "I think I know what *this* means." And the officer proved to be, as Scheffer supposed he was, the bearer of most apologetic messages, on behalf of his Majesty, for his vehement behaviour on the previous evening. Other interviews ensued between the King and his artist friend, wherein the former strove to bring Scheffer over to his own wishes, and to prevail on him to accord his sanction to the plan of employing M. Pradier. But nothing would avail. Scheffer inflexibly withheld it.*

His beloved "Cornélie" was married to M. Marjolin, a physician of repute, about the year 1845. She had no children, and the doctor being much absent from home, on professional duties, his young wife, naturally, came often to her father's house, affording him the sweetest comfort which such relationship has to bestow. Madame Marjolin could handle the brush

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that is no matter; Pradier shall do it, all the same." "Pardon, Sire, but I say Pradier will *not* do it." "How, *not do it!* And what if I order him?" "That will make no difference. The wishes of the artist will carry more weight with *him* than any command, even that of a monarch."

* The memorial chapel (at Sablonville) of the heir to the throne was, ultimately, ennobled by a truly admirable work, from the hand of a genuine artist and sculptor, M. le Baron H. de Triqueti: after his own beautiful design.

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too, and occasionally worked at the easel in company with her father.*

It was for Scheffer an effort of no small amount, to separate himself from his child; especially at an age when her character was forming itself in a manner corresponding to his hopes, and when she herself was gradually becoming the friend in the daughter. But no selfish considerations ever found entrance into Ary's mind. His conduct was invariably regulated by his ethical doctrines, in great as in small affairs. The following extract from one of his letters of this date will afford confirmation of what is here stated:—

" En t'unissant à un homme que j'aime comme un fils depuis longtems—en assurant ainsi ton bonheur, autant qu'il est permis aux hommes de compter sur l'avenir—je n'ai eu en vue que toi. La meilleur preuve de mon amour est dans le sacrifice énorme que je viens de faire, en me séparant de toi au moment où tu devenais pour moi une amie. . . . ."†

But however pleasing it be to recal passages tending to elucidate the character of Ary Scheffer, I must not detain the reader too long on secondary topics, and will therefore proceed with the main stream of events connected with this period.

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* The father of M. René Marjolin, the husband of Cornélie, had been the attached friend of Scheffer and his mother for years, and had alleviated the sufferings of the latter by his care and his superior skill in medicine.

† " In consenting to your union with a man whom I have long loved as my own son, and thus providing for your happiness—in so far as it is permitted to us to count upon its attainment—I have thought only of yourself. The best proof I could give of my affection is, that I sacrifice so much in parting with you, and *that* at a time when you were growing capable of being my friend."

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CHAPTER VII.

1848—1849.

Ominous state of political affairs—Interview with the Duchess of Orleans—Flight of the King and Queen—Scheffer conducts the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris to the Chamber of Deputies—Proclamation of the Republic—Scene on the Place de la Concorde described.

THE grave and ominous signs of danger to the monarchy which manifested themselves—particularly in 1847—to all far-sighted politicians, and which were emphatically interpreted from the "tribune" of the Chamber, in January, 1848, by the late M. Alexis de Tocqueville, filled Scheffer with uneasiness. He had taken no share in politics, personally, for a long time: feeling little sympathy in the sterile conflicts of party, and discouraged by the apparently hopeless degradation of mind and opinion which then prevailed in France among the electoral body.

The expected hurricane arrived, and swept away the Orleans dynasty, as we all remember. Indeed, the curious history of that startling change cannot fail to be read and re-read by our children's children, with undying interest and emotion.

I had the good fortune to receive from Scheffer's own lips various intimate details relating to these eventful times. His manner of recounting occur-

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rences wherein he had taken part, was both captivating and impressive, and always conveyed the idea of absolute exactness. It was my habit to make memoranda of incidents communicated by eye-witnesses, relating to public affairs, with a view to assist my own recollection. I here reproduce some passages, which can hardly fail to interest the reader.

I have already alluded to the fact that Scheffer was in the habit of giving lessons, in general art, to the youthful Comte de Paris. On the Sunday which preceded the Revolution of February, he repaired to the Tuileries for that purpose. It was two days prior to the day on which it had been announced that *the* "Banquet" would be held. Whilst he was engaged with the Comte de Paris, the Duchess of Orleans looked in at the door: "Scheffer," said she, "when you have done with Paris, come to my private room; I want to speak to you." Accordingly, the lesson being ended, Scheffer went to the Duchess. "What do you think," said she, "about this banquet affair? Do you entertain any apprehensions as to the consequences which may ensue from its being held?" Scheffer replied, "Madame, I think that the precautions which have been taken are sufficient to warrant the belief that no danger is to be anticipated, and that the affair will pass off without any serious results, *for this time.* But your Royal Highness must allow me to add that, unless some concessions are made to the reasonable demands of the nation, some fresh manifestation will not fail to arise, which may not perhaps be quite so effectually resisted."

The Duchess coloured. "Scheffer!" exclaimed her Royal Highness, "it is a highly improper proceeding

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on your part, to glance even at the possibility of any danger to the monarchy."

Scheffer bowed respectfully—was silent—and withdrew.

On the very next day (Monday) a friend of Scheffer's (a gentleman holding a high position) brought him a letter to read, which he had just received from M. Odillon Barrot. It informed him of the decision taken by M. Barrot and his friends, to renounce their design of holding the "Banquet" on the Tuesday; assigning as the reason, their disinclination to provoke a conflict with the authorities, in the then excited state of the public feeling. "Give me the letter," said Scheffer; "I will carry it to the Duchess of Orleans, who will thank me, I am sure, for bringing her this good news some hours earlier than she would naturally learn it." Scheffer hastened to the Tuileries, found the Duchess, and showed her the letter. Her eyes filled with tears as she perused it. "How good of you, to bring me this welcome news, Scheffer! but I must have you come with me into the King's cabinet, to communicate it to His Majesty." "Your Royal Highness must excuse me," replied Scheffer; "le Roi et moi nous ne nous sommes jamais aimés; I would rather that your Royal Highness carried in the news alone."* She did so. After the lapse of a few minutes, she returned. "The King is delighted," said the Duchess; "but do you know that he could not help observing, in his jocular way, 'Voyez, donc, quels drôles de gens que

* "The King and I were never very partial to each other."

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ces Messieurs là! dès qu'on leur montre le *bout du corne*, ils vous tournent le dos!'"*

Scheffer went his way, reflecting upon the incurable presumption which characterized the King. "He gave himself credit (said Scheffer) for having, by a clever display of resistance, frightened off the assailants of his power, yet he entirely neglected to ascertain what means were really at his disposal for its defence." (See Marshal Bugeaud's published letter, now known to have been addressed to M. de Lavergne.)

It was towards noon on the morning of the 24th February, 1848, that M. Scheffer, having been on duty (as Captain of the National Guard) ever since daylight, met M. Oscar de Lafayette, who was in search of him. "Scheffer," said Oscar, "it is mighty disagreeable to be obliged to expose one's life for a monarchy which one does not esteem; but nevertheless it is our duty, and we must go and defend it at all price." Scheffer assented. They repaired to the garden of the Tuileries, and posted themselves on the terrace under the windows of the King's apartments. There was a great quantity of straw strewn upon the steps, which had been placed there to enable the Dragoons to ride down the steps into the garden, from the other side of the château. They sat down on the straw, and after some time a voice was heard, calling upon Scheffer by name. Scheffer heard it, "but," said he, "I was too much absorbed with the thoughts which the grave events passing before me engendered, to pay any attention to the call."—

* "Only look at these people! No sooner do they catch sight of even the 'tip of the horn,' but they take to their heels."

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"Scheffer!" again cried the same voice, only this time still louder. "Who calls?" cried Scheffer. "It is I, the Queen." Scheffer sprang up, approached the château, and perceived the Queen at the "croisée." He said, "What does your Majesty want with me?" "I want you," said she, "to assist in conducting us out of the château. The King has abdicated, and we are going to depart." Scheffer and Oscar Lafayette immediately entered the château, in the intention to ascend to the King's apartments; but they had not got half way up when they met the King and Queen, their sons, and sons' children, together with the Duchess of Orleans, and *her* two sons, all coming hurriedly down the stairs. The Queen said, "Scheffer, keep close to the King, your uniform will inspire respect." The King gave his right arm to the Queen, and they set out, proceeding through the gardens by the "grande Allée," and not "by a secret passage," as has been foolishly asserted. Scheffer walked close to the King, on his left side: the rest of the party following in their train; these consisting of perhaps ten or a dozen persons. Among the group was Scheffer's own brother, Arnold, who had joined them on the way through the gardens.* A small escort of cuirassiers accompanied the party, to protect them on each side. Nobody spoke a word, except on one occasion, when an officer, unmindful of a bough of a tree, which hung low, was swept off his horse by it. The King suddenly stopped and said, "Pray, somebody go and assist that officer."

* He had been thrown into prison some years previously by Louis Philippe for writing against his government.

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When they reached the "Grille," which opens on the "Place de la Concorde," there was found a considerable mass of people, and Scheffer had some uneasy misgivings as to what might happen. There were no carriages provided, as has been stated by M. Thiers and others. But two public carriages—not "Fiacres," but what are called "Remises"—chanced to be within hail, and were accordingly brought by one of the attendants to the spot at which the royal party had arrived. Scheffer, knowing the impossibility of getting them away unrecognised, took off his "Schako," and waving it in the air, called out to the people—"Le Roi part, vive le Roi!" The people offered no opposition, but very few voices responded to his cheer. Scheffer then assisted the Queen into one of the "Rémises," the King after her; then one child after another was taken on to their laps, until five souls were in the carriage, and it could hold no more. The King kept calling out, "Où est donc mon portefeuille? Sauvez mon portefeuille, pour l'amour de Dieu!"* Scheffer caught the portfolio from the hands of one of the attendants, and threw it up to M. Dumas, who had mounted beside the coachman. The second carriage having been filled in like manner with the first, the Royal party drove off at a rapid pace (still escorted by the Dragoons), and took the road to Passy, along the "Quais."

There remained now standing on the Place de la Concorde, the Duchess of Orleans, with her two sons, M. Jules de Lasteyrie, M. Scheffer, and (I think) two

* "Where is my portfolio? Pray, for Heaven's sake, do not lose sight of my portfolio!"

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or three more Royal personages; perhaps the Duchess of Montpensier, but whom they were I really cannot specify. Just then M. —— joined the party, and offered his arm to the Duchess of Orleans, and thus all re-entered the garden of the Tuileries. The noise of the insurgents pouring in numbers down the Rue de Rivoli sounded alarmingly upon their ears. "M. ——!" exclaimed Scheffer, "you must allow me to say that your name is not held in sufficient respect for you to be of any use to the Duchess of Orleans; you had better leave us; I will take care of her Royal Highness to the best of my ability." ——, without making any answer, at once quitted them. The Duchess now took Scheffer's left arm, and he held the young Comte de Paris with his right hand, followed by M. Jules de Lasteyrie with the Duc de Chartres. They retraced their steps towards the château. When they reached the centre of the gardens, Scheffer heard a loud crash in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli. The mob had forced the iron gates, and were thronging into the gardens. Scheffer called out, "Vive la Duchesse d'Orleans!"—"Vive le Comte de Paris!" The mob, although offering them no molestation, seemed uncertain whether to respond or not. The young Comte de Paris took off his cap, and bowed repeatedly to the populace. The boy manifested no symptom of fear, preserving entire self-possession. One of the mob cried out, "Un roi ne se découvre pas!"

They passed out of the Grille on to the "Quai," and walked along by the river side to the Chamber of Deputies. Scheffer stood near them during that terrible, stormy scene, which ultimately resulted in

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the proclamation of the Republic. M. Jules Lasteyrie, after this was over, managed to get the Duchess out, through the President's garden, and conducted her (as is well known) to the "Invalides." The Duc de Chartres was placed, during the tumult, in some part of the building. Scheffer told the Duc de Nemours that the young boy was in a place of safety, and that the Duc himself had better "get out of the way," his person being well known. The Duke asked one of the National Guard to lend him his uniform. The man did so, putting on the Prince's clothes in exchange; and so the Duke made his way out. "I could not have quitted this place," said he, "until I knew that Chartres was safe."*

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* At the moment when the Royal family reached the "Pont Tournant," as I have related above, and were taking leave of one another, a member of the Chamber (M. Léonce de Lavergne) was proceeding across the Place de la Concorde, arm in arm with another 'Député," to the Salle Législative. He saw a group of persons at the spot where the leavetaking was going on, with white pocket-handkerchiefs raised to their eyes, among whom some little agitation was perceptible. The carriages were driving off, when General ——— walked across to M. de Lavergne, and said (without a previous "bonjour!" even), "Voila le Roi qui part!" "Ah!" replied M. de Lavergne, "où va-t-il?" "Peutêtre à St. Cloud, peutêtre à Rambouillet, ou à Dreux; que sais-je?" "Comment? vous ne savez pas où?" "Mais—c'est que le Roi a abdiqué!" M. Lavergne, in relating this incident, added, "La coupole du Panthéon m'auroit croulé sur la tête, que je n'eusse pas été plus atterré—je demeurai stupéfait!"—(*Translation.*) "There goes the King!" "Ah! and *whither* is he going?" "Perhaps to St. Cloud—perhaps to Rambouillet, or Dreux; how can I tell where he is going to?" "But what! you do not *know* where?" "Well, but you see—the King has abdicated!"—"Had the dome of the Pantheon come down about my ears, I could not have been more astounded. I stood motionless and speechless!"

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CHAPTER VIII.

1849.

Election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency—Intervention in Roman affairs—Scheffer's dissatisfaction—His visit to Holland and Eisenach—Letters from Scheffer to his daughter—Return to Paris—His house described.

1849.—At the date which this narrative has now reached, we close the chapter of the "Monarchy of July," so far forth as its substantive attribute—political power—is in question. The events which succeeded to its expulsion were highly exciting. In the memorable struggle of June, 1848, Scheffer fought at the head of his company during all three of those terrible days; and I have heard it stated that he showed ability as a leader, no less than cool, undaunted bravery.* After the election of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte to the Presidency, Scheffer became somewhat hopeful of the march of public affairs; all the more, since he saw, in the chief members of the President's first Ministry, men of whose public conduct he had approved, and with one or two of whom he had even entertained friendly relations. M. Léon Faucher, for instance—a man who joined to a character of spotless integrity very extensive knowledge, and an accurate acquaintance both with the internal economy and with the requirements of his country.

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* See Appendix (G).

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But the interest with which all well-wishers to the prosperity of the Republic watched the course of this Government received a check of the most disheartening kind, when the fatal decision was taken (in May, 1849), to send an army, under the command of General Oudinot, to stifle the efforts of the Roman people to fling off their oppressors. It was not difficult to discern, in the strenuous advocacy of this fratricidal policy by M. de Falloux, the deeply-seated source of the opposition to Roman independence. The clergy of France had too much at stake to suffer the Papal throne to be imperilled, and accordingly made its preservation by French arms a condition of their upholding the Government of the President.

I cannot afford to bestow more than a passing notice on this deplorable mistake, the retributive consequences of which not only overtook, rapidly, its authors, but the embarrassments arising out of which still continue to perplex the ruler of France. I will restrict myself to the assertion that Ary Scheffer, along with all true-hearted patriots (and especially with his brother Arnold), felt profoundly displeased at the use made of their power by the party calling themselves "le parti de l'ordre." He, in common with other good Republicans, foresaw that the angry, I may say the insulted feelings of the popular minority in the Chamber would thenceforward impel this minority to hamper and obstruct the President's Government, and, by inducing a discordant and unmanageable temper in the whole assembly, infallibly bring about, sooner or later, the ruin of the Republic.

Impatient and dissatisfied, Scheffer resolved to absent himself for a space, and to make a visit to his

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native country, Holland; but in his way thither he halts at Brussels. Here is an extract from a letter written thence, under date October, 1849, in which he speaks of the Queen of the Belgians as follows:—

"J'écris encore de Bruxelles, chère fille, étant resté chez la Reine Louise jusqu'au 6me Octobre. Elle a été comme toujours, parfaite. Tant de choses s'étaient passées depuis la dernière fois que je lui avois parlé, que nous avions long à dire. Il est impossible de réunir plus d'élévation, plus de bon sens, et plus de grace féminine, qu'elle ne possède. Je suis très fier de m'être trouvé d'accord avec son opinion sur bien des choses graves, étant en dissidence avec l'opinion générale, &c. &c.*

On another day he says, writing from Amsterdam (October still):—"Ce matin j'irai admirer le beau portrait de Rembrandt que nous avons vus ensemble, au musée, il y a cinq ans. J'ai déjà une envie terrible de travailler, et d'être de retour dans mon atelier. . . ."†

Again: "Je suis déjà extenué de fatigue, et je brûle de me retrouver au milieu de mon atelier. . . . .

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* "I write again from Brussels, my dear daughter, having stayed with the Queen Louise up to the 6th October. She was, as ever, delightful. So much had happened since I last conversed with her, that we had a vast deal to talk over. It is impossible for any one to unite, with true feminine grace, more elevation of mind, and more good sense, than the Queen possesses. I feel proud of the coincidence which exists between us on many important points, respecting which I differ from the received opinions."

† "To-day I am going to see that fine Rembrandt portrait which you and I saw, five years ago, at the Museum. I feel a strong inclination to be at work again, and to get back to my 'atelier.' . . ."

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J'ai un desir démesuré d'être de retour chez-moi, et n'était la crainte de passer pour un fou, ou un 'original'—ce qui est équivalent ici—je me sauverais à toute vitesse. . . ."*

The extract which follows affords us an insight into Scheffer's opinion of his own capacity and his deficiencies. A more interesting disclosure of a great artist's candid estimate of his own powers, it would be difficult to find in the history of the class.

Oct. 1849.—"Voilà huit jours que j'ai quitté le travail! je croyais que cela me réposerait la tête, et le contraire me parait arriver. Il est vrai que j'ai vu une quantité de belles choses qui redoublent mon désir de me remettre à peindre. Je sens si bien tout ce qui me manque—non pour compléter mon talent, ce serait folie d'y songer—mais pour rendre suffisamment ce que je désire exprimer, et pour avoir un côté toute à fait saillant. Quand on voit cette vérité si frappante d'expression, chez les anciens peintres Allemands, cette perfection de forme et de beauté chez les Italiens—puis, l'exécution forte et saissisante des peintres Hollandais—je sens que je suis un 'Mitteldding,' et cela je n'aurais pas dû l'être; et je tacherai au moins de ne pas le rester dans le peu que je pourrai produire encore. . . ."†

From Rotterdam, Oct. 1849.—"Aujourd'hui j'ai

* "I am tired beyond endurance, and feel a craving to be again in the 'atelier.' The desire to be once more in my own house is indeed so strong, that, but for the fear of being thought a lunatic, or—what comes to pretty much the same thing here—an eccentric character, I should certainly make short work of my return journey. . . ."

† "Here have I been eight days without working! I fancied that I should feel refreshed by rest, but the very opposite effect

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beaucoup et très bien peint; cela me fait grand plaisir, d'être de nouveau au travail. Je me porte bien, mais je m'ennuie beaucoup d'être séparé de toi et de mes frères. Dis à Henry que son tableau de Prêche Protestante est admirable, que son petit tableau chez Jacobson est charmant. . . . . Je travaille beaucoup, mais malgré toute la diligence que je pourrai y mettre, cela me prendra plus de temps que je ne croyais. Tout le monde est parfait pour moi ici, et me trouver, ainsi, hors du monde turbulent, aurait un bien grand charme pour moi si je t'avais avec moi."*

It is to be presumed that Scheffer was occupied,

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seems to have ensued. It is true, I have seen a quantity of fine things, which redouble the desire within me to get back again to my painting. I am well aware of my own weak points—(to think of ever becoming a complete painter would be idle)—and of what is wanting on my part to render, in an effective shape, all that I wish to express, as well as to claim for my works something like a distinctive stamp. When one beholds the truth and force of expression displayed in the works of our old German masters, the perfection of figure-drawing and of beauty in the Italian painters—and again, the dexterous and commanding power of hand possessed by the Dutch —I seem to feel myself but half a painter—and *this* I certainly ought not to have been; nor will I continue such, if I can help it, during the time which is still allotted to me to produce in. . . ."

* "I have painted a good deal to-day, and painted well; it gives me much pleasure to be once more busy. I am quite well, but I miss the society of yourself and my brothers. Pray tell Henry that his picture of the 'Protestant Preaching' is an admirable performance, and his little picture at M. Jacobson's is also a charming thing. . . . I am very closely at work, but notwithstanding all my diligence, it will take me a longer time to complete what I am about than I calculated it would do. Every one here is full of attentions towards me, and indeed, to find myself so far removed from the noisy world would cause me genuine satisfaction, if you were but at my side. . . . ."

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during his stay in Holland, in painting for Dutch commissions; otherwise it is difficult to account for so many of his works being distributed among the collections, public and private, of that country. The early associations he had contracted with his native land were with Scheffer always pleasant to recur to, whilst the ties of kindred still existing there, helped to maintain the connexion unbroken. M. Lamme, his cousin, pursued the same profession as himself, and indeed holds at this day the honourable post of keeper of the museum at Rotterdam.

From the Hague, whither he had proceeded in order to pay his respects to the Queen of the Netherlands, he writes of her Majesty in high terms, thus:—

"J'ai trouvé en elle, comme on m'avait prévenue, une femme de la plus haute distinction. . . . . Elle m'a paru d'une grande beauté, me rappelant les portraits de ma mère quand elle était jeune. Je travaille beaucoup, mais, comme toujours, peu satisfait de ce que je fais. On est charmant et parfait pour moi, mais je m'ennuye à mourir, d'être loin de toi et de mes frères. . . . ."*

A little farther on we find that, notwithstanding the inflexible modesty which guards him from self-delusion, Scheffer has arrived at a consciousness of possessing a "something," which is not present even in

* "I found in her, as indeed I had been led to expect, a woman of real distinction. She appeared to me exceedingly handsome, and reminded me of the portraits taken of my own mother, when she was young. . . . I work steadily, but, as is usual with me, am not over-pleased with the result of my labours. I am treated most kindly by all here, but am weary with longing for my brothers and yourself. . . . ."

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the great works of the Dutch and Flemish masters. One can enter into the complacent feeling under which he avows it:—

"J'ai vu ici de merveilleux tableaux de la vieille école hollandaise. Je commence pourtant à éstimer un peu plus mon propre talent. . . . . Je crois que j'ai touché une corde dont les autres n'ont pas essayés. Quand je reviendrai chez-moi, je crois que j'aurai fait des progrés."*

There it is—*the* secret, which enables Scheffer to arrest and enchain the attention of the beholder who stands before his compositions. *The* secret, I repeat —which cannot be imparted to another—of kindling the intelligent sympathies, through the medium of art. Even while gazing upon the masterpieces before his eyes, he recognises the absence of that peculiar, subtle charm, for which his own best works are prized; namely, the true "outlook" (as the Germans have it) of the emotions—be they what they may—by which the persons portrayed are supposed to be animated.

A little later he writes:—

"J'ai revu aujourd'hui mon tableau de la Madeleine au pied de la Croix,† qui est vraiment beau. . ."‡ .

From the Hague again:—

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* "I have seen here some marvellously fine pictures of the ancient Dutch school. Nevertheless, I begin to think somewhat more highly of my own talent. . . . It seems to me that I have managed to touch a chord not hitherto attempted by others. When I return home, I fancy that there will be found indications of my having made progress."

† Painted 1845.

‡ "I saw again this morning my picture of the Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, which, positively, is a fine thing."

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"J'ai diné chez le Roi, qui m'a parfaitement accueilli. Il parait que ma vieille méthode, de dire simplement la vérité aux princes, m'a encore fort bien réussie ici."*

Here is a trait of honest paternal pride. Writing to his daughter he says:—"La Reine m'a beaucoup demandé si la petite Mignon ressemblait à quelqu'un qui me fut cher? Je lui ai dit que c'était ton portrait. Elle m'a fait compliment, ce cas étant, de ma fille."†

Once "set agoing," we find Scheffer extending his travels as far as Eisenach, in order to pay a visit to the Duchess of Orleans—

"J'ai trouvé la Duchesse d'Orleans très bien; ses enfants fort grandis—l'ainé ayant fait, en tout, des progrés étonnants . . . J'ai été reçu comme je m'y attendais—parfaitement?"‡

"La Reine (Marie Amélie), qui a toujours été si excellente pour moi, me fait demander de tous côtés d'aller la voir. . . . Mais aller en Angleterre me répugne—je ne sais pourquoi."§

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* "I dined with the King, and was most agreeably welcomed. I suspect that my old habit of simply speaking frankly to princes, has served me usefully in this city."

† "The Queen wanted very much to know if the little Mignon had any resemblance to some one who was near and dear to me? I informed her that it was your portrait: whereupon she complimented me upon having such a daughter."

‡ "I found the Duchess of Orleans in good health. Her children much grown — the eldest, especially, has sensibly improved in every respect. I met with a most cordial reception, as indeed I anticipated."

§ "The Queen (Marie Amélie), who has always been so kind a friend to me, manifests an earnest desire that I should go and see her. . . . but the idea of going to England is repugnant to me —I hardly know why."

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At Rotterdam, whither he returned on his way home, in order to finish some pictures which he had begun there, (possibly those now in the possession of M. Nottebohn?) Scheffer was complimented by the Society of Arts and Sciences of that city, at a numerous "réunion" of the members. Being obliged to acknowledge the honour done him, he made a "speech" in the Dutch language, which was much applauded; I doubt not deservedly. He talked so well in social converse, that he could hardly do otherwise than speak eloquently in public.

It is agreeable to find him admitting, after some two months' absence from Paris, that

"Cette absence de tourments a été d'un grand bien pour moi, sous tous les rapports. J'ai retrouvé du calme et de la résolution; depuis longtemps j'avais perdu l'un et l'autre."*

It was about Christmas, 1849, it would seem, when Scheffer regained his own residence; that secluded "rus in urbe," in the Rue Chaptal, wherein the elements of a genuine "home" were present. Two spacious "ateliers," two plots of flower-garden, together with good stabling and "Rémises;" a large, branching cedar tree shaded the "cour," the approach to which was closed by gates. The house (which he occupied entirely) was of moderate size (though quite as large as his modest ménage needed), and its interior presented an aspect of elegant comfort. Some of Schef-

* "This exemption from all worry has been of great service to me, in more ways than one. I have recovered my tranquillity and my firmness of purpose; both of which had well nigh deserted me for some time past."

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fer's most valued pictures—that of his mother among the number—adorned the "salon."

I think that he must have painted the "Amour Divin et l'Amour Terrestre" during the winter which succeeded to his journey in Holland and Germany: a work wherein unveiled beauty of form, and unusual fulness of colour, evince a resolution on the part of the painter to try his hand, for once, in a style more exclusively "realistic" than was his wont. There is present in this picture more artistic skill in delineating what may be termed voluptuous nature, than Scheffer usually displays. The remark which suggests itself to the spectator is, perhaps, that the "terrestrial" candidate unquestionably bears the palm from the "celestial" one.

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CHAPTER IX.

1850—1856.

Fidelity of Scheffer's attachment to the Orleans family—Death of Louis Philippe—Journey to England—His enthusiasm on beholding the Elgin marbles—His marriage—Madame Scheffer—Ary's interior life—His recreations—Madame Hollond.

THE attachment felt during so many years by Scheffer towards the Orleans family was nowise damped by the change in its fortunes.* Towards the dethroned Queen, indeed, he seemed to become even more attentive and tenderly respectful, than before the storm of February, 1848. A friend, writing about Scheffer, expresses himself on this subject as follows:—

"Il se sentait plus à l'aise, disait-il, depuis les mal-

* The decree compelling the Orleans family to sell the property they possessed in France, caused the chief portion of the pictures painted for that family by Scheffer to be thrown into public competition. He wrote a letter to his esteemed friend, Mr. Salis Schwabe, of Manchester, proposing to that gentleman to become the purchaser of one or two of them—particularly of his "Christ Consolateur." Mr. Schwabe responded to this desire by authorizing an agent to bid for this work, as far as the sum of 50,000 francs. But the picture was bought by a gentleman of Amsterdam named Fodor, for a sum exceeding that price. The ex-Queen of the French retained her "St. Monique;" the Duchess of Orleans her "Saintes Femmes," (now the property of the Count de Paris). The 'Francesca" passed into the hands of Prince Demidoff.

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heurs de la famille royale, pour lui témoigner une fidèle amitié. Il éprouvait, en peignant pour la Reine, une émotion profonde et vraiement réligieuse, qui donne un caractère de beauté sombre et superieur à celles de ses compositions dont la destination fut telle."*

The repugnance entertained by Scheffer to the idea of visiting England was therefore overborne, when, in 1850, the ex-King of the French succumbed to the common fate. On learning the news of his ancient sovereign's decease, Scheffer put aside all other feelings in presence of the duty which he owed to the royal family at Claremont, and he repaired thither, arriving in time to pay the last homage to the mortal remains of "Louis Philippe of Orleans." He wrote to his daughter on reaching Claremont a hurried note:—

"Août, 1850.

"Je n'ai qu'un moment pour t'écrire: je suis à Claremont. J'ai trouvé toute la famille, comme je m'y attendais, admirable. La Reine, qui n'a voulu recevoir personne d'autre, a voulu me voir. La Duchesse d'Orleans m'a beaucoup parlé de toi," &c.† After

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* "He felt himself more at liberty, he said, after the misfortunes of the Royal Family, to testify his sincere friendship towards them. In painting for the Queen, his feelings were tinged with a character of religious earnestness, which imparts a certain sombre charm to those compositions which were destined for her."

† "I have but a minute to write to you. I am at Claremont. I found all the family, as indeed I expected to do, in the best dispositions towards me. The Queen, who has seen nobody else, was good enough to admit me to her presence. The Duchess of Orleans talked to me much of you," &c. &c.

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taking his leave of the illustrious mourners, he made a brief stay in London, where he went to view the antiquities in the British Museum. He writes of them in the following strain of enthusiasm:—"J'ai mis le temps à profit en visitant le musée des marbres du Parthénon à Londres. (Tu sais le fameux vol de Lord Elgin.) Rien dans l'art, chère enfant, n'approche de cette beauté, de cette noblesse, et *de cette verité*. Ces êtres surnaturels ont dû exister; ils vivent encore dans ces débris! Tant qu'on n'a vu les marbres, rien n'en donne l'idée; les plâtres à peine. Je veux absolument revoir cela avec toi . . . ."*

It was during the spring of this same year (1850) that Scheffer first entered the conjugal state; uniting himself with the widow of his friend General Baudrand, a lady of English descent. She possessed a superior mind, a winning deportment, and an amount of personal beauty still considerable, though it *had* been greater.

Madame Scheffer exercised great influence over her husband, who, on his side, regarded her with tender consideration and sincere affection. But

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* "I profited by my short stay to visit the British Museum, where the marbles from the Parthenon are deposited. (You know all about the famous *theft* committed by Lord Elgin?) Well, my dear child, nothing, in the whole range of art, can come up to them, for beauty, for grandeur of conception, and *for truth*. Those immortal beings must positively have existed: nay, they live even now, in these very fragments! So long as one has not beheld the marbles themselves, no copies can convey a just idea of what they are, not even the casts in plaster. We must absolutely see these, together, one of these days."

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Madame Scheffer was of a very delicate, fragile constitution, to which was, unfortunately, joined a disposition impatient of rivalry in every form, whether of man or woman, friend or relative—nay, even of Scheffer's passionate pursuit of his own art. These circumstances, I regret to say, led to somewhat painful results.* Poor Madame Scheffer fell into the deplorable error, of which many, otherwise estimable, women have been the victims; viz., of requiring that her husband should not only love *her* above all other things, but should love nothing beside. Scheffer's widely diffused sympathies and absorbing occupations forbade such exclusive feelings. He loved his brothers—some few intimate friends, and, more than all perhaps, his daughter. He was fond of children, as well as of the company of eminent men of letters and artists, who, when permitted, eagerly sought *his*. During the day time, he applied his whole mind and faculties to his art, with unfading devotion. Pleasure he rarely sought abroad — in fact, he seemed to care little for any amusements, commonly so called, after 1850.† But Ary Scheffer was

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* "Madame Sophie Scheffer had, as her friends all recognised, a thousand fine qualities. She only needed a better regulated understanding, to have rendered her lot, and her home, each, a happy one. For want of self-discipline, and the discernment to estimate, justly, the amount of attention which she might expect from a man so rich in friends, admirers, and disciples—for want of this, I regret to say, Madame Scheffer sometimes embittered their common existence, by her exigence, and by her too exalted craving for the monopoly of her distinguished husband's time and thoughts.

† Scheffer took some interest, however, in devising, from time to time, fanciful and historical "costumes," for eminent actors and actresses: rejecting the traditions of the "Théâtre Francais," as

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keenly sensible to the charm of good instrumental music, especially when given in the "atelier," as it was by some of the best musicians in Paris—MM. Maurin, Sabbatier, and others, frequently playing there, *en amateurs*, at his wife's invitation. The delicious harmonies, and even the mysterious and learned "rêveries" of Beethoven, seemed to kindle and stimulate his fancy: and I have seen Scheffer yield himself up to the fascinations of sound with a sort of dreamy enjoyment, such as is rarely attained by persons who have not cultivated musical knowledge.

The highly gifted Madame Viardot, as also her husband—himself a studious votary of art in its noblest forms—were among the most welcome and familiar of Scheffer's "habitués:" and since, along with Madame Viardot's vocal power was united a talent for pianoforte playing of a superior kind, Scheffer had often the pleasure of listening to her tasteful execution of the best compositions for that instrument.

Two works fall, in order of time, under the date of 1851, the year succeeding to Scheffer's marriage. I allude, 1, to the portrait of General Cavaignac, and, 2, to the "St. John writing the Apocalypse." The former is undoubtedly among his best efforts in this

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obsolete. In later days he invented stage garments for Madame Ristori, of whose brilliant talents Scheffer was a sincere admirer, and of whose striking lineaments a record remains, painted by his hand.

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line, whilst the head of the Apostle has been justly regarded as one of Scheffer's most decided "successes" when attempting the grand Ideal. It is indeed a striking and impressive picture, reminding us of the older masters of Italy, such as Fra Bartolomeo, or perhaps Ludovico Carracci.*

The two Eberhards ("Le Coupeur de Nappe," and "Le Larmoyeur") were likewise the product of 1851. Pictures each highly extolled by critics of ability, but which, I am free to confess, never captivated my fancy. Their composition may display merit, but the colour of the "Larmoyeur" is so opaque, heavy, and pasty, that I never could look on it with any satisfaction.†

A work, ascribed by the catalogue to this date, was, I feel persuaded, rather the fruit of 1852. I allude to his charming likeness of Madame Hollond. Admirable as a portrait, Scheffer has rarely painted one more interesting to amateurs. Since my reasons for changing the date of this performance are interwoven with circumstances too notable to be lightly passed over, I must be permitted to dwell, for a space, upon the grave events of December, 1851.

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* It formed part of the choice collection of the late Mr. Salis Schwabe, and was lent for the Exhibition of 1859 by the widow of that lamented gentleman.

† I have, since seeing it last, found reason to believe that the "medium," and pigments, employed in painting this picture have become blackened and injured, which partly accounts for its (in my view) want of attractiveness.

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CHAPTER X.

1851.

Violent end of the Republic—Scheffer's profound disappointment—His incapacity for work—This surmounted by appeal made to his pledged word—Paints portrait of Madame Hollond.

ALTHOUGH the state of public affairs, in the autumn of 1851, seemed to forbid any sanguine hopes of the "Republic" prospering, as such, still the friends of liberal government clung to the chances of a solution of the actual difficulty, as between the President and the Assembly, in some form which might at least avert the horrors of fresh civil war. Scheffer certainly had no expectation that the knot would be cut in the violent mode which *was* employed by the President. The effect which the astounding incidents of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th December produced upon him, was therefore bitterly painful—I may say, overpowering.

I called at his residence within a day or two of the terrible slaughter of the Parisians in their houses and in their streets—that is to say, as soon as it was prudent to venture forth. I found Scheffer at home, and alone with his wife. The interview was, in a measure, at once solemn and sad. The collective ruins of thirty years' illusory hopes and struggles stood before me, as it were;* whilst in the few

* Whilst this visit lasted, neither of us sate down.

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broken phrases which Scheffer's emotion permitted of his uttering, was revealed the anguish of final despair.

It would have argued a want of reverence and sympathy towards this noble but aching heart, to seek to maintain the conversation beyond a few minutes, and I accordingly withdrew. Madame Sophie Scheffer followed me into the court—"You see how he suffers!" whispered she:—I pressed her hand, but said nothing—what was there to *be said?*

Shortly after this visit I repaired again to the Rue Chaptal. In the atelier into which Scheffer's morning visitors, when admitted, were usually introduced, (he painted in another), I found M. le Comte Adolphe de Circourt waiting. Scheffer was not long in joining us. At first he seemed so full of mortifying thoughts as to be incapable of talking; looked haggard and dejected; whilst his voice, when he did let fall a few sentences, was veiled by grief-stricken, subdued tones. After a little time, he related how that he had, on learning the arrest of the Generals (early in the morning of the 2nd December), put on his uniform, summoned his "Tambour," and gone forth to try to collect together the members of his "Company," with the view to rally round the legal government of the nation. "But," he added, "the indifference, not to say the reluctance to 'turn out,' with which my appeals were met, so discouraged me, that I gave up the effort, and returned home. The Chamber," continued Scheffer, "has lost its hold upon the country: nobody will stir a finger for it. All is up with the *Republic.*"

M. de Circourt now drew from his pocket a paper—I think it was a newspaper—wherein was given a long list of persons newly arrested, of whose

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probable destination nothing could be learned. The reading of this document aroused Scheffer's ire beyond control: his eyes seemed to flash fire; he paced the atelier with wavering steps, giving vent at intervals to his feelings by emphatic exclamations inspired by his honest, just wrath. The scene was one not to be forgotten.*

The memorable event, which is commonly known as "the coup-d'état," has been the theme of such endless volumes of controversy, and is even now viewed in such different lights, according to the cast of sentiment of the individual who judges of its complexion, that it would be quite out of place were I here to expatiate anew upon its character. I conceive that it will continue, as hitherto, to divide the opinions of those two great sections of society—the upholders of moral obligation on the one side, the partisans of triumphant violence on the other—which are likely to compose the human family throughout all time. I only wish that it were permitted to me to hope that the former section would, one day, outnumber the latter! But to resume—

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* If there be a spectacle touching on the morally sublime, it is that of a high-souled man, conscious of having strenuously laboured for his country's weal, in every way open to him, during his whole life, who beholds that country's laws and liberties abrogated by the audacious employment of military force. This was not, however, the only occasion on which I had the pain of beholding such a sight. Among the noble, patriotic, and pure-minded Frenchmen, with whom it has been my good fortune to be acquainted, three of the most distinguished may be said—figuratively speaking—to have "died of their wounds;" namely, Léon Faucher, Ary Scheffer, and lastly, Alexis de Tocqueville, of whose mental anguish I have been, in each case, a sympathizing witness.

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It happened that, very shortly prior to the catastrophe which, as I have observed, put the finishing stroke to the many political disappointments which Scheffer had already endured, Madame Hollond had arranged to sit to him, for a portrait of herself. I must here note in passing, that, at no period was Scheffer partial to this employment of his talents; so far from it, that he sought to evade commissions for portraits; putting so large a price upon them as would, he flattered himself, deter people from giving him orders. For Madame Hollond, however, he was less unwilling to undertake the task, since that lady and her husband were included in the circle of his friendly acquaintance, and, moreover, her face and head offered an interesting subject to paint from.

Accordingly, Mr. and Madame Hollond went about the 6th or 7th of December to Scheffer's house (by appointment, made some time in November) to commence the sittings. They found him in so perturbed a frame of mind, that there was no possibility of getting him to begin work. He walked about the "atelier" like a restless spirit, saying "he would *try* and arrange about the attitude, dress, &c., in a day or two." Eventually, they quitted the house, engaging to return within that space. Again the same incapacity—the same vain result. As Madame Hollond sincerely sympathized with Scheffer's feelings, she entertained some scruples about importuning him on the subject; when one day, after a renewed attempt, equally infructuous with former ones, Madame Scheffer spoke to her friend thus, in private—"Dear Madame Hollond, you have but one chance of prevailing with Ary to set to work, and that is to remind

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him of his *promise* to paint your picture. So long as he can put you off, and escape the effort needed to vanquish his depression and fix his attention, he will do so. You must observe how wretched he is; he can neither eat, nor sleep, nor paint; nothing can distract his mind from the deplorable spectacle now passing before his eyes, and I really grow seriously uneasy about him. By touching his *sense of duty*, you employ the only means of arousing Scheffer, and I beg of you to try it; indeed, to see him once more at his 'chevalet' would be a welcome relief to myself."

The appeal was kindly and discreetly made, and, after a resolute struggle with himself, Scheffer commenced the portrait; but it must have taken some weeks to complete, and thus, I have ventured to place this interesting work among the products of 1852.

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CHAPTER XI.

1852—1853.

Ary's close devotion to his professional occupation—His aversion to general society increases—Occasionally receives guests at home—Charm of his society for them—Illness and death of Arnold Scheffer—Commencement of deranged action in Ary's heart—Its origin—He adopts his little nephew, Ariel.

In the spring of 1852, I took a country house in the environs of Paris, and, during several months, had the pleasure of seeing Scheffer frequently at his own house: sometimes also, his anxious wife would persuade him to drive out and dine with us, at our "villa" at Ville d'Avray. Madame Scheffer, being a devotedly attached wife, used every effort in her power to divert his thoughts, and to furnish him with some recreation which might prevent his confining himself so incessantly within the four walls of his atelier. He would pass whole days therein, painting till the light failed him, without even taking a walk: in hot, summer weather, too.* Riding on horseback was for many years a favourite exercise of Scheffer's; but, though he still kept saddle horses, Madame Scheffer now observed with regret, that he no longer cared to mount them. After the coup

* His mind dwelling painfully upon the humiliation of his countrymen under the new government, he disliked the sight of the swarms of military whom he met if he walked about the streets of Paris.

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d'état, he secluded himself more and more from the Paris world; would hear nothing, ask nothing, about political affairs, and went but rarely abroad.

Although, as I have said, Scheffer clung unremittingly to his art, as the solace—as the *medicine*, I may call it,—to his wounded soul, he would occasionally indulge in the enjoyment of society; entertaining his guests handsomely at his board, and delighting those around him by the clear sense, the varied knowledge, and, I may add, by the malicious pleasantry with which he would occasionally animate the repast. As for telling a story, few could equal him, in my judgment: whilst no man ever had a keener appreciation of wit and intellectual gifts in others than Scheffer manifested, when these were present.

He had found time, during long years—especially in winter, when want of daylight abridged his painting hours—to read most of the standard works in the literature of France, England, Germany, and Italy: each in the original tongue. I have heard him say that, having made acquaintance with most of the best writers, he took little or no pleasure in reading books of a secondary order, even though they might possess great merit in their way. But the books of the Old Testament were perhaps those most frequently seen in his hand, during the last eight years of his life. The study of pastoral, primitive, rude forms of society,—with the touching episodes here and there occurring in the history of those early peoples—had an unfading attraction for Scheffer; whilst it served to prevent his mind and thoughts from brooding over the actual state of things in France. Still, it was from the New Testament that the larger number

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of his sacred compositions were taken; for he loved to dwell upon the humanizing influences, and devotional feelings, connected with the mission of Jesus Christ, whose ideal lineaments it was ever his loftiest ambition to pourtray.

If the cup of *political* bitterness seemed now drained, by the complete extinction of all Scheffer's hopes of political progress, there remained abundance of sorrow in store for him of a personal kind.

His brother, Arnold Scheffer, fell ill about the beginning of the year 1853, and whereas he had no relative to attend upon him at his own residence (being a widower), Ary offered to receive him in the Rue Chaptal, whither he accordingly removed in the month of April.

Not only was Arnold housed, and attended, and cared for, ministered to by Madame Scheffer and by Madame Marjolin, (aided by the kind household servants,) but Ary himself habitually passed the *night* near the sick man's bed. Month after month was this pious duty discharged by the devoted, compassionate brother, to the evident detriment of his own constitutional powers.

All persons acquainted with even the elements of physiology recognise the influence of mental states over the functions of the heart. That susceptible and vital organ was, in Scheffer's case, about to experience the ill effects of prolonged anxiety, further augmented by unwholesome habits. His bodily frame and organization was by nature one of manly vigour, and of equally distributed forces. But what human

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machinery could have resisted the unfair burthen laid by Scheffer upon his? To say nothing of the traces left by the mortifications he had gone through, (in reference to public affairs), Scheffer imprudently neglected the commonest precepts of a sound "hygiéne"—sitting perched on his "échelle," stooping over his canvas, the livelong day: passing in his "salon" most of his evenings: eating and drinking as is usual with healthy people (though ever temperate in each of these indulgences), and finally, spending his nights in watching near Arnold's couch, his feelings painfully on the stretch, his rest broken and abridged!

From all these causes—to which some other sources of mental irritation contributed their quota—Scheffer now contracted an affection of the heart, which, in subsequent years, materially interfered with his comfort and physical well-being. To the hurtful effects of his attendance upon his brother, was presently superadded grief for his loss: Arnold's disorder conducting him, after eight months' suffering, to the tomb, about the close of the year 1853.

Scheffer's estimate of his brother's talents and understanding was a high one; but he repeatedly avowed his regret that Arnold's intellectual powers had not been seconded by more steadfast application, and by habits of regular industry. Arnold left one child—a boy—born in the year 1849, his wife dying in childbirth of this infant. Ary Scheffer retained the boy in his own family, treating him as if he had been his son, and, in truth, loving him as such. The child was beautiful as an angel, and always appeared to me to be endowed with fine parts, together

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with a tender, generous disposition. He was the "plaything" of the "ménage," the darling of Scheffer and his wife, and an object of interest to all who came within their circle. Yet his upbringing was not altogether calculated to lead to his becoming a good and estimable man: for Scheffer's indulgence knew no bounds, and the clever little Ariel (or "Ary," as he was always called) failed not to turn both his uncle's love and weakness to profit.*

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* It was a touching domestic scene which I witnessed, when, on one occasion (I think it was in 1855), young Ary, then six years old, had a slight feverish attack. The child being laid on the sofa in the salon, Scheffer would, at intervals, feel his little hands, to judge of the heat of his skin. Then, bending over him, inquire with the gentlest tones, "as-tu froid, mon enfant," "as-tu soif?" &c.; folding a shawl around his limbs; cheering him with assurances that "he would soon get well," and so on, whilst his own great heart seemed over full with affectionate solicitude for his infantine patient.

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CHAPTER XII.

1854—1855.

Scheffer completes several works of importance—Remarks upon some of these—Increased disposition of Scheffer to melancholy —This revealed in his compositions.

The year 1854 was one of importance, viewed in reference to Scheffer's pencil; some compositions of high interest—the Ruth and Naomi, the "Madeleine en Extase," "Les Gémissemens," and the "Tentation" —falling among the number of those in progress about this period.

The last-mentioned picture was, however, "in hand," during several consecutive years: so much difficulty did the painter experience in conveying the ideas which he desired to embody in that ambitious allegorical piece. He actually effaced the entire figure of Satan once, and painted it in afresh. Observing the change, I said to Madame Scheffer, "Why! the figure of Satan is altogether different from what it was when I saw it last!" "Yes," replied she, "it *is* quite changed—the truth of the matter is, Ary cannot satisfy himself about that figure." "Give me leave to add," said I, "that he never *will* satisfy himself, for it is a conception hardly capable of being rendered to the visual sense."

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To his friend Madame Salis Schwabe, Scheffer writes:—

"Mon tableau du Christ et du Satan, je l'ai refait, littéralement, d'un bout à l'autre, excepté la tête du Messie. Le tableau a gagné, mais n'est pas terminé encore." * But whilst Scheffer appreciated, almost in a painful measure, the difficulty of treating this mysterious passage of the Gospel, he was only the more indefatigable in his endeavours to work it out. I conversed about it with him more than once, but he usually appeared disinclined to discuss the matter. The picture, at all events, possessed considerable attraction for many persons, and liberal offers were made for its purchase; but I believe that they were not accepted by the artist: at least it remains in the "studio" at this day.† With the sole exception of "Les Gémissemens," I should be disposed to affirm that "La Tentation" occupied the painter a greater number of hours than any one work beside. He obviously felt his "amour propre" engaged in surmounting the admitted difficulty of the subject. The head of the Christ is, indisputably, fine, as a model of serene dignity; the figure of the Tempter vigorously designed, the attitudes of both natural,

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* "My picture of Christ and Satan has been, literally, repainted entirely, with the exception of the Saviour's head. The picture is improved, I think, but is still far from finished."

† Since writing the above, information has reached me of the "Tentation" having been sent over to London for the purpose of being engraved. It is probable that it will possess considerable interest for the art world; the objection which I have ventured to take to the colouring of this picture not being valid in the case of an engraving.

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and even eloquent. For all this, the picture is one which never possessed much interest for me. Its faults need not be here particularized, but one of them is to be found, in my poor judgment, in the indiscreet selection of rose pink colour for the raiment of the Saviour; it being painted against a full blue ground. After this, the ugliness of the "Satan," the "ex-angel," which seems to me exaggerated. Of "Les Gémissemens" it may be safely affirmed, that the contemplation of numerous examples of human beauty, finely treated, and joined with a kind of holy, elevated expression, can have but one result, viz., the production of an harmonious and captivating effect.

The "sentiment" which is shadowed forth in this allegory, is supposed to teach us that mortal passions and sorrows become purified and refined, in proportion as the beings subjected to them recede from this earth. At foot, are seen various heads, mostly of rather ordinary stamp: as the group ascends heavenward, the countenances assume a more radiant aspect; until, towards the higher portion of the picture, the personages floating in space appear, as it were, spiritualized, in virtue of their approach to the "mansions of the blest!"

Looking attentively into the group, you discern figures already made familiar to memory, from having been introduced in former compositions. Among them, the artist's own sainted mother, under the figure of the St. Monica: Beatrice, Dante, and others. The whole design reveals the promptings of a creative genius, seconded by conscientious labour on the part of the executive hand. It is, in my estimation, one of those pictures which will bear to be viewed again

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and again, not only without feeling tired of the study, but even with a sense of added pleasure.*

I find a passage in allusion to this subject in one of Scheffer's own letters. It is as follows:—

"Je travaille aux 'Gémissemens,' et beaucoup de figures difficiles sont très avancés. J'aime le sujet par dessus tous les autres que j'ai traité, mais la méfiance dans mon talent augmente tous les jours."†

This composition has been objected to, as "metaphysical," as "obscure," as "overleaping the legitimate aim of art," as "mystical," and I know not what else; these terms being intended for disparaging ones. Scheffer certainly aspired to delineate certain forms of humanity in connexion with immortal and religious conceptions; the poetical rendering of Christian traditions and faith, in short. If, in his hands, these endeavours partook too much of what is commonly termed "the German spirit," we should call to mind Scheffer's paternal origin, and the ineffaceable qualities of "race" whenever, and in whatsoever form, the "æsthetic" vein finds vent.

Furthermore, I would ask whether the department of realistic, material art, be not abundantly furnished with able interpreters? Many renowned painters of our own day have given us splendid examples of felicitous colouring, of imitative texture, of ingenious treatment of light and shade, of truth of "character," of severe

* A "replica" of this work, in which some of her family are introduced, is in the possession of Madame Salis Schwabe, at Glyngarth, Anglesea, North Wales.

† "I am occupied upon the 'Gémissemens,' and a good many of the most difficult figures are in a forward stage. I like the subject, perhaps more than any one which I have yet handled; still, I feel every day more and more conscious of my own incompetency. . ."

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and learned "drawing"—of all excellences, indeed, pertaining to the "craft;" excellences, some of which, speaking candidly, cannot be ascribed to Ary Scheffer. I may instance William Etty, Paul de la Roche, Maclise, Herbert, Watts, F. Leighton, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Landseer, Mulready, Frith, Millais, Hunt, and many more, to illustrate my meaning. Yet although the admiration of mankind be justly due to the exhibition of these qualities, it is nowise regrettable, but is even fortunate for the world, that ministers of art should now and then arise, who, being differently gifted, essay a new flight, and seek to employ their pencil upon other than purely familiar subjects, or great historical passages.

Towards the afternoon of life, (as one may call it,) whilst Scheffer's ability as an inventor and designer maintained its power, his management of the brush may be said to have become more experienced and dexterous; insomuch that it is quite conceivable that had he lived he might have produced works, surpassing, in point of *execution*, those which remain to us. But notwithstanding this undiminished skill, his longings—his dreams, as they may be termed—after an ideal perfection, which he found himself incapable of attaining, tormented and discouraged him: indeed he grew more fastidious, more exigent, in reference to his own work, in proportion as his mental and critical faculties rose higher in tone.

The tendency to depression of spirits, which latterly, (as I have related,) bespread itself over his life, would seem to have had its share in disposing Scheffer to seek, in the speculative and spiritual, a refuge from the poignant disappointments of the "every-day" world. To this source, I conceive that we are in

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great measure indebted for the peculiar charm which distinguishes his later works, to which this same "sombre" tone of mind doubtless gave the "key-note" of religious, thoughtful melancholy.

An example of it is furnished in the "Christ au roseau" (No. 85 in Catalogue of 1859), on which, be it observed in passing, a vast deal of comment and criticism has been expended. Without sharing the excessive admiration of this picture avowed by some recent writers, I recognise, in it, certain merits which go far to impart value to compositions of this character. The profound resignation and humility apparent in the head of the Saviour, the presence of anguish, without *too* strongly betraying its evidences, the careful drawing and expressive "pose" of the hands, and, in some degree, the skilful management of the flesh tones, (though the anatomical details must be pronounced to be incompletely made out)—the employment of rich colour in the garments—these may be regarded as forming an "ensemble," possessing at once interest for the eye, and earnest devotional feeling.

Again, the incomplete work, "Jesus Appearing to Mary Magdalen after his Resurrection," affords an illustration of Scheffer's "pale cast of thought"—solemn, impressive, colourless—evincing much care in the distribution of forms; (*learning* displaying itself, too, here, in the due balancing of lines and angles) this "sketch" seemed, to my thinking, one of undoubted excellence. No man could have painted it without having cultivated that power of thought denoted by the French word "Récueillement." The effect of the sketch is, altogether, highly "suggestive," if it be not all that a painter is required to achieve.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1856.

Laborious habits of Scheffer—His eulogy of industry—Illness and death of Augustin Thierry—Sorrow of Scheffer for his loss—Decline of Madame Sophie Scheffer's health—Her death—Its effect upon her husband's mind and life.

SCHEFFER worked, I have said, with a diligence often amounting to toil—all his earnings (and they were large) flowed out as fast as they came in; since he could never refuse his purse to whomsoever asked his assistance, he would have been inconvenienced in his private expenditure had he not plied his pencil incessantly.*

He writes to a friend, in 1855, as under—

"Je travaille toujours, du matin au soir, et je suis forcé de le faire. J'aurois désiré pouvoir prendre des

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* I quote a passage from a letter of his which will serve to show how settled was Scheffer's habit of labour, and how emphatically he prescribed it to others, as a duty, and even as a valuable means of "distraction."

"Resume your work without delay; work is the best, the truest support to the mind. It is a positive duty to learn to be able to suffice to oneself (*suffire à soimême*), and in order to do this, one must devote oneself, body and soul, to the obligations which life imposes. Besides, one derives, from the feeling of *duty fulfilled*, a kind of companionship, which helps to smooth our path, and to render less bitter the deceptions we have to bear with . . . ."

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bains de mer, mais il me parait peu probable que je trouve le temps. . . ." *

The same pressure is indicated in a letter of 1856, (March): "J'ai beaucoup travaillé ce dernier temps —beaucoup trop, même. Je voudrais pouvoir me reposer, mais la chose m'est impossible; et pourtant je suis tellement fatigué que je n'y vois plus! . . ." †

Yet, notwithstanding the demands made upon his time and energies, Scheffer managed frequently to pass an hour or two with his afflicted friend, Augustin Thierry, who had become both blind and paralytic. I have myself been told, more than once, on asking for Scheffer, at his own house, that he was absent on this pious errand.

But in the spring of 1856, this truly worthy and accomplished friend was released from his manifold sufferings. During the illness which preceded his death, Scheffer visited him daily, and, indeed, for the last two days and nights, never quitted his bed-side.

Thierry's attachment for Scheffer was most faithful and earnest. Their intimacy had been unbroken, from youth to mature age, so that although life had long ceased to possess any value for his poor friend, Scheffer felt real sorrow for his loss.

Scarcely had this cloud passed away, when a fresh

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* "I work without intermission, from morning till night, and am compelled to do so, indeed. I had wished to be able to get a little sea-bathing this season, but there seems very little chance of my finding leisure for it. . . ."

† "I have worked very hard of late. In truth, *too* hard. It would be a relief to me to obtain some rest, but the thing is impossible; and yet I am literally fagged to death, insomuch that I can scarcely see to paint! . . ."

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occasion arose for exertion. Scheffer's nervous system, already cruelly strained by attendance upon Thierry, now became agitated by the alarming condition of his wife's health. Madame Sophie Scheffer had, I have already stated, a delicate and susceptible organization, and was always more or less of an invalid during several years preceding this period. The wearisome attendance which she had given to her mother, Madame la Baronne de Charluz, for a long time,—the incessant striving to mitigate the sufferings, and dissipate the *ennui* of a person who was, I feel compelled to add, to the last degree dependent and helpless, (not to say inconsiderate of the interests of others)—these protracted demands upon Madame Scheffer's slender vitality, seem to have exhausted what little strength remained to her. For, after the last duties were discharged to Madame la Baronne, her daughter's health grew more and more feeble, and in June, 1856, it became obvious that her days were numbered.

Scheffer consecrated every hour of his time to his declining partner: watching over, and ministering to her, with unremitting care and tenderness. Now it happened that, just at this time, my husband and myself were passing through Paris, on our return from a tour in Italy; and although we hardly sought out any one, or meant to stay more than a day or two in Paris, yet the news reaching us of my poor friend being seriously ill, we hastened to the Rue Chaptal to make inquiries after her. All was silence in that little "enceinte," as we made our way softly into the court. Madame Marjolin came out of the "atelier," and spoke with us respecting the patient

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above stairs, who, we learned, was sinking day by day, without hope of recovery. "And how is your father?" asked I. "He is almost worn out with attending upon his poor wife;" replied Madame Marjolin; "there is no prevailing upon him to quit her bedside, and God knows what ill effects may result from so long a privation of fresh air, and of rest, on his own health." Whilst we three were standing together, within the inner gates, the door of the house gently opened, and Ary himself, in his dressing-gown, came slowly down the steps into the court; advancing towards us, he took a hand of each of us two visitors in his, and said "I saw it was you, from the window of her chamber, and felt that I *must* come down to you." We asked how she was going on? Scheffer hardly replied to the question, but by his manner gave us to understand that it was a hopeless case. He said to me, "Only an hour since, she was talking of you! She is perfectly collected, only weak in the extreme." Here his feelings seemed to master him, and he quitted us abruptly, saying, "I will write and tell you when all is over," and so, with a sign of the hand, he hastened back into the house.

Madame Scheffer lingered only about ten days longer, dying calmly, in her husband's arms, without a struggle.

The five months which followed upon this event, were, with Scheffer, months of blank depression, almost of prostration. His whole being was unstrung, as it were. A mental tension, more or less trying, of several years' duration, terminated by painful and agitating scenes, such as inevitably attend an eternal

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separation, had the effect of weighing down all the energies of his mind. He could not bear even to take up his palette and brush: all vivacity forsook him, and for, probably, the first time in his history, he passed his days unprofitably, listlessly; chiefly alone, musing and pondering upon the chequered circumstances of his life. These five months past, Scheffer seemed to arouse himself by a strong effort, and he began, gradually, to resume his customary avocations.

I regret that the obligations of confidential friendship prevent my quoting more than a portion of a letter which Scheffer addressed to a lady in England, (in January, 1857,) depicting the desolate state of inaction in which he had passed the previous five months. I have rarely met with so touching, so interesting a revelation. One healing balm was there, it is true. Scheffer bore within his breast a conscience void of reproach. This is clearly perceptible in the tone of his letter, otherwise so sad. It concludes thus:—

"J'ai retrouvé du calme, mais de l'énergie pour rien, si non pour le travail. Je suis fort entouré par ma fille, par son mari, qui est de nouveau pour moi le meilleur ami. Je serais ingrat si je me plaignai de mon sort; du fond du cœur je remercie la Providence des biens qu'elle m'accorde; de l'amour du travail, et de l'affection des miens. . . ."*

* "I have regained my composure, but have little energy, unless it be in my appetite for work. I am well cared for by my daughter and her husband; the latter, more than ever a valuable friend to me. I should indeed be ungrateful if I complained of my lot; from my heart I thank Providence for all the blessings granted me; among which the foremost are my own love of occupation, and the affection of those around me."

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CHAPTER XIV.

1857.

Ary Scheffer once more in England—Manchester "Exhibition of Art Treasures"—Scheffer's great enjoyment therein—Goes to Claremont—Paints portrait of ex-Queen of the French—His visit to Glyngarth—Beneficial results of this *séjour*—Regret felt by Scheffer at its termination.

It was fortunate for Scheffer that, towards the spring of this year (1857), a strong temptation to make a journey was furnished by the Manchester "Exhibition of Art Treasures." Scheffer was, naturally, excited by the idea of seeing in one comprehensive focus, so vast an assemblage of works by both modern artists and old masters; and, his son-in-law consenting to allow Cornélie to accompany him, he set forth in the month of May, (taking little Ary, also,) and accepted the cordial offer of Madame Salis Schwabe to make her house his home during his stay at Manchester.

Never was change, or recreative occupation, more needed; nor, it may be added, was it ever more effectual, in renovating the nervous system and general physical powers of a careworn being. Scheffer and his family remained for three weeks at the house of his esteemed friend, situate a few miles distant from Manchester: going in to the Exhibition daily, and poring intently for hours, upon the choice and

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precious examples of the various schools of painting which were there spread out before his eyes. The delight and instruction which they afforded him, operated the happiest effect; and when we saw him in London, shortly afterwards, the decided indications of improved health were most gratifying to us to observe.

The *existence* of a British school of painters was known to Scheffer, as it was to most other foreign connoisseurs. But it had never been understood or esteemed at its real value, until the Manchester Exhibition drew forth its manifold treasures. Scheffer, for his part, was scarcely less astonished than enchanted with the spectacle which that collection afforded him. "I had no conception," said he, "how rich the English school was! There have lived great painters among you; *that* is unquestionable! I have been in a sort of '*Paradise of art*' for these three weeks past. The power of dealing with colour, especially, possessed by the English artists, fills me with admiration. I only wish it could be imparted to myself!" &c. &c.

From London, Scheffer repaired to the neighbourhood of Claremont, (his daughter and young Ary in company with him,) in order to fulfil a promise he had made to paint a portrait of Queen Marie Amelie. Some few weeks were consecrated to this purpose, during which period Scheffer's health and spirits continued to derive benefit; as well from the tranquil tenor of his existence, as from the pleasing communion which, in the pursuit of his daily labours, he enjoyed in the friendly circle at Claremont.

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Of the portrait itself, whereon the painter bestowed all the skill and talent at his command, I regret to be nowise qualified to speak, otherwise than on the authority of others. A distinguished Frenchman, (M. Vitet,) has said, in writing of this picture, that "it is, in its way, a masterpiece; expressive of the energy and the resignation of a noble soul, joined with the mingled sorrows and hopes of a tender and Christian character." I have heard, too, more than one competent witness pronounce the "treatment" of the picture to be, in every way, worthy of the painter's reputation.

The Queen's portrait finished—or, as nearly so as it was judged desirable it should be, for the moment —Scheffer now made his dispositions for paying a visit which, in every point of view, promised to afford him the truest satisfaction, and the most suitable restorative that it was possible to furnish to a weary spirit. Accompanied on this journey by M. and Madame Marjolin and his young nephew Ary, Scheffer set forth, some time in July, for the residence of his friend, Madame Salis Schwabe, (now become a widow,) situate on the shores of the Menai Straits, in the Isle of Anglesea, North Wales. At Glyngarth were present, in ample store, all those elements in which an imaginative, sentimental, and affectionate soul, like that of Scheffer, might find delectation and refreshment. The picturesque mountain scenery of Carnarvonshire, the sight of the shipping gliding about in the "Menai;" the novel spectacle of the Welsh people, busy, yet not toil-worn; the devoted, kind attentions of the hostess, her daughter, (an attractive girl of seventeen,) and

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youthful sons, (all of them esteemed and beloved by Scheffer and his family,) the salubrity of the air, the peace, the presence of infantine "entourage,"* the *pause*, as one may term it, in the arduous journey of existence—all these circumstances combined to infuse into the temper and feelings of Scheffer so efficacious a balm, that it almost revived the whole man. The effect might be likened to one of those serene afternoon skies, which we have, all of us, frequently gazed upon after a tempestuous day; seemingly arranging itself, as it were, for a calm radiant sunset.

And thus it befel, in truth; for I must observe in passing that this delightful passage was destined to prove the last of the kind (perhaps I may go farther and say it was the *only* one of the kind) which it was permitted to this virtuous and gifted being to enjoy on earth.

The letters written by Ary to his late hostess, after returning to Paris, breathe genuine thankfulness for the friendly attention and kindness which he had been treated with, joined with assurances of regret at having been obliged to leave Glyngarth:—

"Août, 1857.

". . Mais de vous avoir quitté" (he writes) "m'a fait une peine extrême, et il y a de longues années qu'il ne m'était arrivé d'éprouver un semblable regret; ne vivant, réellement, de ma vie, que dans mon 'ate-

* Ary was continually to be seen walking about near Glyngarth, with young children for his companions (visitors of the family); one child holding him by the hand (or finger) on either side—prattling as they went—Scheffer complacently listening to them.

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lier.' Je me suis remis à travailler, après avoir passé trois ou quatre jours à arranger mes ateliers, qui sont maintenant en bon ordre; seulement, j'ai trop à faire, et ne sais pas où commencer!"*

It may well be conceived how welcome had been the recreation resulting from the "séjour" in North Wales, to a man who, for the greater part of his life "in populous cities pent," saw years revolve round him without bringing either pleasant variety, or joy to his hearth. The action of many fresh and unwonted influences—such as arise out of the contact with beautiful nature, and from the *society* of cheerful, congenial companions—told healthfully upon the whole frame of Scheffer's being. Madame Schwabe had observed, with heartfelt pleasure, the healing process going on in her valued friend's person, and cherished the fond hope of a lasting recovery from his previous depressed condition. In this hope, however, she was not long permitted to indulge, as will be seen by what appears in the next chapter.

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* "It cost me extreme pain to take leave of you all; such regret indeed as I have not experienced for many and many a year; having so rarely set foot outside of my own painting room, all my life long. I fell to, immediately, for three or four days, upon the arrangement of my 'ateliers,' which are now all in good order: but I have so much work on my hands, that I am puzzled how to make a beginning!"

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CHAPTER XV.

1857.

Return from England to Paris—Illness and death of Manin—Scheffer's sorrow for his loss—Effects of it—He falls ill—His slow recovery—Scheffer's report of his own condition.

It would seem to have been the destiny of this humane and generous hearted man, to endure a succession of painful separations from individuals with whom he had formed ties of affection. On Scheffer's return, when his Paris friends, like his English ones, were cheered by the improvement perceptible both in his looks and energies, a new trial awaited him in the serious illness of his friend Manin, the heroic defender of Venice in 1849.

With this illustrious exile, Scheffer had contracted a close intimacy, which, during five years, was nurtured by frequent intercourse, and mutual confidences. All the newly-acquired contentment was therefore quickly darkened over by the fear of separation from one whose society had become an almost daily enjoyment, both for father and daughter; since Madame Marjolin bore Manin an equally cordial regard and esteem with Scheffer himself.

A slight indisposition having prevented the latter from going, for some few days, to his sick friend, he was shocked and startled by the intelligence which was one morning brought to him, (it was about

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the 22nd of September,) that Manin had expired, rather suddenly. Though it was an act of imprudence on Scheffer's part, to leave his house, he instantly repaired to Manin's lodgings, taking thither his painting materials: and there, from the lifeless features before him, he made a sort of posthumous portrait of the departed patriot: painting during the whole day, until evening put a stop to his work.

On the morrow of this painful exertion, Scheffer, though still far from well, would not be persuaded to renounce the duty of following the corpse of Manin to its last resting place. This place was no other than a private vault belonging to Scheffer, wherein lay the revered remains of his mother, and wherein, alas! he was fated to be, at no distant day, himself deposited by her side.*

The funeral of the respected Italian martyr was attended by most of the distinguished friends of political liberty, members of the press, and liberal men of letters. The ceremony was altogether calculated to awaken strong emotion in those present, and I entertain but little doubt that this whole passage of Manin's illness, death, and burial, caused a serious aggravation of disease of the heart, under which Scheffer had suffered more or less, during the last four years.

Shortly after this event, that is to say, in the month of October following, Scheffer fell ill; *so* ill,

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* The daughter of Manin, who was the solace and support of her poor father whilst alive, had been interred in this same sanctuary, by Scheffer's permission, about a year before. The vault itself is in the cemetery of Montmartre, near Paris.

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as to afford much ground for apprehension to his friends. I do not know, precisely, what the character of the disorder was, under which he now laboured: I have been told that its seat was the organ so often alluded to in these pages, but that gout had also fixed itself in that region. I do not, however, quite believe in the accuracy of this statement; leaning rather to the supposition that the action of the arterial system was seriously deranged; thus endangering the very conditions of vitality. Be this as it may, the attack of illness I speak of confined Scheffer to bed for some time, and when, at length, the alarming symptoms disappeared, his convalescence was but a slow process.

It was not until some weeks had been passed in his chamber, that he was enabled to go down stairs to the "atelier," and once more apply himself to his favourite occupation. Here is his own report of himself, in the month of November, 1857:—

"On me dit que j'ai été fort malade; quoique j'étouffai horriblement, je ne m'en souviens guère. Cornélie m'a soignée nuit et jour; aussi dans ce moment est elle tellement fatiguée qu'elle ne peut rien faire, et auroit grand besoin d'être gardée et soignée elle-même. Elle est encore chez moi, se levant cinq ou six fois chaque nuit pour venir voir comment je me porte, et malgré mes prières, s'obstinant à me traiter encore en malade sérieux. Je suis pourtant entièrement, rétabli, et il ne me reste, qu'une extrême faiblesse, et des douleurs dans tout le corps. Tout cela passera, avec un peu de patience et de soins.

"On m'a permis, depuis quatre jours, de descendre dans mon atelier et de travailler pendant un couple

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d'heures, ce qui m'a fait un plaisir extrême. J'espère que, d'ici à votre arrivée à Paris, j'aurai des choses nouvelles à vous montrer. Nous parlons constamment des bons jours passés à Glyngarth ; c'est pour nous, tous, parmi nos meilleurs souvenirs. . . ."*

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* "They tell me I have been exceedingly ill; I certainly was in a state of horrible suffocation, but that is all I can remember about it. Cornélie attended upon me day and night, insomuch that she is knocked up with her fatigues, and ought to be, herself, nursed and looked after, in her turn. She is still here, and *will* get up in the night five or six times, to see how I am going on; moreover, in spite of my entreaties, she will have it that I am still a sick patient. But I am, really, coming round fast, only that I am very weak, and suffer from pains all over my body. Still, all these symptoms will, presently, yield to proper treatment, with a little patience.

"I have been allowed, for four days past, to go down stairs, and to work at my brush for a couple of hours, which has afforded me excessive pleasure. I hope that by the time you come over to Paris, I shall be able to show you some new things. We are perpetually talking of the charming days spent at Glyngarth; they rank, indeed, amongst our most agreeable recollections."

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CHAPTER XVI.

1858.

Scheffer's attack passes over—He resumes his painting—The "Faust à la Coupe" finished—Remarks—Scheffer's last composition described—Death of the Duchess of Orleans—Scheffer's journey to England in consequence—Its injurious effects—He is seized with illness in London—Returns with difficulty to Argenteuil—His death—Serenity of his final moments.

In the month of January, Scheffer had so far recovered from his illness of October in the preceding year, that he applied himself to his painting with renovated ardour, and, during the three following months, appeared to be once more "in good train." In the atelier were some three or four pictures, on which Scheffer worked by turns, as the humour dictated. The "Gémissemens"—now newly named "Les Douleurs de la Terre"—received its final touches, together with the farewell gaze of its author; a moment fraught with mingled feelings, partly of self-gratulation, and partly of regret at quitting a subject which had absorbed so much of his time and thoughts.

The "Faust à la Coupe"—likewise received some finishing strokes in the winter of 1858: a work stamped with power and meaning. I have remarked (at page 22) the ascendancy exercised over the imagination of Ary by Goethe's wondrous creation: and his return to the subject, in his mature age, bears witness to the strength and permanency of that early impression. To my thinking, the "Faust

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holding the Cup" is one of Scheffer's most successful performances; both in point of art, and as forcibly embodying the conception of the poet. The attitude and face of "Faust" denote agitation and mental ferment, without "grimace" or trick; the tone of the picture is more mellow, more in harmony with the subject, than some others by Scheffer's hand; the accessories, too, (the hands in particular,) are well and artistically painted. Altogether, the "Faust à la Coupe" may be said to represent effectively the "situation" described in the drama of Goethe. The "Marguerite à la Fontaine," although it figured among the contributions made to the Manchester Exhibition, was completed after its return to Paris; so that the date of "1858" stands against it, in the catalogue of the Scheffer Exhibition in 1859.*

Of the "Angel Announcing the Resurrection," I could wish to speak as I feel. But it is a composition which, though only in an early stage of execution, excites one's interest in a peculiar manner; partly from the associations connected with it, partly by its intrinsic charm. Thus, it is no easy matter to convey, by the medium of language, the deep, mysterious sentiment inspired by this sketch. The first idea which arises in your mind on looking upon it, is the affinity it displays with the "Antique." The more attentively you gaze and meditate, the clearer will be the perception—that the Greek Ideal forms, through all "schools," the basis of true nobility "in Art." But, in the angelic

* I postpone the remarks which this picture suggests, to a later page, not to interrupt, too often, the course of the narrative.

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personage before your eyes, it is the *form* of Greek beauty, *supremely* instinct with celestial meaning: commanding reverential awe and pious emotion in the persons addressed.

Occupied on the picture here indicated, Scheffer was at work in his best vein, when, early in the month of May, the unlooked-for tidings of the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans were conveyed to him. All considerations, save those linked with the past, faded into nothing before his eyes. To London he at once resolved to go, although, by both friends and physicians, he had been urgently advised to avoid all occasion for either bodily exertion, or painful movement of the feelings. One of his friends —himself a well-known and admired landscape-painter —related to me what follows:—

"I was sitting at my easel one morning, when Ary Scheffer entered the 'atelier,' carrying in his hand a carpet-bag.

"'Je m'en vais en Angleterre, mais je ne voulois point quitter Paris sans venir te dire Adieu!'

"'Comment! en Angleterre! et pourquoi?'

"'C'est que je veux rendre les dernier hommages à Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, en assistant à ses obséques.'

"'Mais, Scheffer, tu es fou!'

"'Bah, bah, je sais tout ce que tu vais me dire, mais c'est inutile—mon parti est pris; c'est un devoir sacré, et personne au monde ne m'arrêtera.'"*

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* "I am off to England, but I could not think of quitting Paris without first saying good-bye to you."

"What! going to *England?* and pray what for?"

"It is in order to pay the last duties to the person of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, by attending her funeral."

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So saying, Scheffer, pressing the friendly hand of Mr. Wyld, (for it was that gentleman to whom this incident occurred,) straightway hurried to the station of the Northern Railway: leaving Mr. Wyld in a state of mind wherein uneasy forebodings predominated, notwithstanding a certain sympathy with Scheffer's chivalrous "dévouement" to the memory of the departed Princess.

A hurried and fatiguing journey to England, followed by participation in all the mournful accompaniments of a funeral rite, were perhaps about the most unfavourable circumstances which a man subject to heart disease could well undergo. The chill of the sepulchral building,* coupled with the painful excitement of the feelings naturally induced by the solemn scene and service, unavoidably tended to depress Scheffer's already impaired vital energies. Nevertheless, he managed to surmount these trials without any ill effects being apparent at the time; and, shortly afterwards, made arrangements for returning home. But the fatal, the latent germs of evil, were not the less present, alas!

Madame Marjolin (who had borne her father company on this sad occasion) judged it best to divide the fatigue of the return journey into two parts; going for one night to London, and proceeding to Paris early on the morrow. They set forth accordingly; the weather was fine, and Scheffer, meeting in London his familiar and congenial friends, M. and Madame

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"But, Scheffer! you must be mad!"

"Bah! bah! I know everything you are wanting to say to me, but it is all of no use—my decision is taken; I have a sacred duty to perform, and no man alive shall stop me."

* The Orleans chapel near Weybridge.

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Viardot, it was agreed that they should spend the afternoon together; the whole party dining at a French "Restaurant's" afterwards. Ary and his daughter returned in the evening to M. de Mussy's house, where they were to sleep:* the former, apparently free from ailment, and tolerably cheerful.

In the course of the night, a bell was heard to ring in Scheffer's chamber. Madame Marjolin—always on the alert where her father was in question—hastened to his side, and found him seized with a difficulty of breathing, the unerring sign of an attack of his heart complaint. Dr. de Mussy quickly lent his valuable aid in ministering to the sufferer, and succeeded in mitigating the most alarming symptoms; so that, after the first twenty-four hours, the dangerous character of the attack was, in a measure, subdued. Dr. Réné Marjolin, being summoned from Paris by telegraph, now hastened to London, and contributed, both by his affectionate presence and medical skill, to sustain the reviving powers of his father-in-law.

It is possible—I will go farther, and say probable—that the able and attentive management of the patient pursued by M. de Mussy, (in conjunction with Dr. Marjolin,) would have enabled Scheffer to rally from this unfortunate seizure, so far as to survive, for a period of more or less extent—at all events for a year or two longer—had Scheffer allowed them to follow their own judgment.

But the resistless craving—the insatiable longing—

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* M. de Mussy was (and is) the confidential physician of the Ex-Queen, and of all the Royal family of Orleans.

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to get out of England,* took entire possession of him: insomuch that, fearing to contravene his desires, his friends agreed that he should be conveyed to Dover, and so by railway to Paris, as soon as it was possible for the patient to bear removal, in spite of the risk involved.

It happened that when this moment arrived, the Ascot Races were going forward, and to procure a suitable carriage wherein to remove Scheffer easily to the station, was found excessively difficult. Here however, stepped in the faithful friend, Madame Hollond, who supplied the needed conveyance, and Scheffer was thereby enabled to begin his arduous journey under the least fatiguing circumstances.

The sea passage proved favourable: even seeming to produce a refreshing effect upon him. But on touching French soil, there awaited the trembling, stricken frame of poor Scheffer, the cruel "épreuve" —the "purgatory" it may be termed—of the accursed "Douane." Pent up for half an hour—which seemed three half hours, so distressing were its conditions—in the close, hot, unwholesome waiting-hole of the custom-house—among a crowd of ordinary passengers pushing, as only passengers eager to "save their train" can and *do* push their way—Scheffer was sorely tried. His daughter strove to obtain some indulgence for her fainting companion, by, first of all, naming him, and then explaining that he was an invalid, and a man entitled to consideration, &c. But no "adder" could be more "deaf to the charmer"

* "L'air lourd de Londres me tue!" ("I shall die of this heavy London air!") he was continually crying out.

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than were the officials during this hateful passage, and when, at length, the party found egress from their "durance vile," Scheffer felt himself sensibly worse.

Nevertheless, by the extreme care and precautionary address of his companions, he was enabled to reach the country-house from whence he had departed, a month before, to make the sacrifice of prudence to lofty sentiment.*

To find himself once more in France, and in his own home, and that "home" offering so much of "agrément," was for Scheffer an unspeakable comfort. The balmy air of full summertide, and the quietude of his retreat, coupled with the presence of those most dear to him—all combined to shed a momentary gleam of enjoyment over the brief space of existence which Scheffer had yet to traverse. And whilst he did not disguise from himself the improbability of his recovering this blow, he felt the inward satisfaction arising from having performed, at all risks, what he considered his bounden duty. This reflection was beyond all else valuable in Ary's eyes, and formed one of the consolations of his now rapidly declining days.

During the first week which succeeded his return to the "Pavillon Roquelaure," (such was the designation borne by the house at Argenteuil), Scheffer seemed to suffer somewhat less from difficulty of res-

* It was pleasantly situated at Argenteuil, a village some six miles west of Paris. Attached to the house was a shady and spacious garden, wherein Scheffer was wont to saunter, at idle moments, and to watch the little Ary and his companions frisking about, in holiday hours.

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piration, and to regain at least a tranquil, if not a cheerful frame of mind. He even applied himself to the easel, for several days, at intervals—painting upon the work which I have spoken of above—the "Angel Announcing the Resurrection of Jesus." But the enfeebled organs connected with the heart grew, daily, more and more incapable of their functions, and it was soon perceived, by his afflicted family, that Scheffer's precious life was ebbing to its close. A few days later, all hope had ceased, and on the 15th of June, this great and virtuous man yielded up his last breath. It was a beautiful summer's evening, the calm splendour of which irradiated the scene of his departure from earth. Not more calm, however—not more serene, was the aspect of the heavens, than were the conscience and pure spirit of him who thus passed to his eternal rest, to suffer, to strive, no more!

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CHAPTER XVII.

"Concluding Remarks" — Extracts of Letters — Character of Scheffer—Anecdotes.

ARY SCHEFFER had completed his sixty-third year in the month of February preceding, having been born on the 10th of that month in 1795. Still in possession of his best artistic faculties, he might possibly, I repeat it, have lived to produce more great works, (assuming the requisite prudence to have been observed,) but for the last fatal journey to England. Yet I am not prepared to regret, on Scheffer's own account, that his days were thus, in some sort, abridged: however deeply his loss was, and still is deplored by his surviving friends and relatives. Life had—in sober truth be it said—lost its savour for him. Little enjoyment awaited the remaining span of an existence, the main objects and pleasures of which had successively eluded his grasp. His strenuous and consistent endeavours to forward the liberties, and the sound political progress, of his adopted country, had been, in various forms, completely and painfully frustrated: whilst his most cherished friendships were repeatedly sundered by the hand of death: these two great outlets of his external sympathies were closed, never to be reopened.

In the high consideration borne him by the "élite"

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of both sexes in the French capital, and in his now widely-spread fame as a painter, Scheffer found, no doubt, a certain support and solace to his "bruised spirit;" and the tender affection which subsisted among father and daughter, son-in-law, and little Ariel, infused all that remained possible of domestic happiness into his lot. But nothing, I imagine, could have rekindled the embers of Scheffer's interest in the current of human affairs. *That* once active sentiment lay buried under reiterated disappointments and inward chagrin.

Thus, he departed from amongst us not unwillingly —certainly without any *desire* to prolong his course upon earth; although, so long as it was allotted to him to remain, he bore the burthen of his bedimmed existence with fortitude and dignity, and would have done so to the end, had it pleased Providence to extend it to a later period. Madame Marjolin would seem to have been aware of the state of her father's feelings, and indeed she frankly avowed to me (in talking over the melancholy closing scene, together, at Argenteuil, in August, 1858) that "Il éprouvait une profonde satiété de la vie!"*

My readers have been made acquainted with the principal features of Scheffer's character, whilst I have conducted them along the path of his chequered existence, from childhood down to its close. It will, I venture to think, add to the interest of the foregoing Memoir, to subjoin a few more extracts from his

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* "He felt himself thoroughly weary of life."

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private letters; serving as they do, to furnish additional evidences of the moral rectitude, charity, and generous impulses of the writer. Ary was not much given to corresponding with absent friends, so that memorials of this kind are few in number; his intimates residing for the most part in Paris, whilst from the members of his family he rarely separated himself. It is the more fortunate therefore that I am enabled to introduce the fragments which follow.

"Dieu te garde, toujours, des fautes, chère Cornélie! mais que Dieu te garde surtout, de juger plus sévèrement que lui. Sois sévère pour toi, mais indulgente pour les autres. Toutes les femmes vertueuses qui j'ai connues l'étaient. . . . . .

"Sois bien persuadée que tu es la seule occupation de mon cœur et de mon esprit, et ton bonheur mon seul et unique désir et espérance . . . . ."*

(1846.)

"Crois moi, le bonheur n'est que dans l'accomplishment généreux du devoir. Il faut repandre le bonheur et le contentement autour de soi. Cela a été l'unique but de ma vie, et peutêtre ma seule vertu. Je l'ai fait aux depens de moi-même, et je te jure que j'en trouve une ample récompense dans ma conscience. . . .

"Avec une âme forte, et une noble intention, on peut tout ce qu'on veut, moralement. . .

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* "Heaven preserve you, ever, from serious defects, dear Cornélie! but above all, from that of dealing severely with those of others. Be rigorous towards yourself—indulgent to them. Every virtuous woman that I have been acquainted with, has been so. . . . .

"Be assured that you occupy my whole heart and mind, and that all my hopes are centered in seeing you happy. . . . ."

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"Vraiment, si on songeait plus souvent à la mort, on vivrait mieux—et pour soi et pour les autres. . ."*

(de Bruxelles, 1849.)

"J'avoue que je suis ravi d'être hors de Paris: si tu étais avec moi je le serais même davantage—mais je sens que j'ai réellement besoin de reposer un peu mon cerveau. . . .

"Ce soir je n'écrirai pas à tes oncles, ainsi charge toi de mes tendresses pour eux. Tache de donner un peu de courage à mon pauvre frère Arnold; si ce n'etait à cause de son fils, je l'aurais forcé de venir avec moi; je suis certain que cela lui auroit fait bien.†

"Etre indulgent pour les autres et sévère pour soi —voilà le premier devoir. Aimer les autres plus que soi-même, la première, la plus grande des vertus. De toute mon existence passée, il ne me reste de bons souvenirs que des moments ou j'ai pratiqué la leçon que je te donne."

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* "Believe me, the accomplishing of duties, alone, leads to contentment. We ought to seek to diffuse pleasure and enjoyment around us. To effect this has been the unvarying object of my life; perhaps my only claim to merit, and though it was always pursued at the expense of my own comfort, I vow to you that I have been amply repaid by the consciousness of having done right.

"With a firm soul, and rectitude of purpose, we may achieve what we will—morally speaking.

"If, truly, we would oftener think upon our end, we should live better lives—both for ourselves, and for others' sakes. . . . ."

† "I must own to feeling glad at having got out of Paris; if you were only with me, more so still. But that my poor brain needs a season of rest, is quite clear. I do not write this evening to your uncles, so you must convey to them all that I feel towards them. Do try and cheer up my poor brother Arnold; but for his child, I would have forced him to bear me company hither; I am sure it would have done him good.

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(de la Hollande, 1849.)

"Donne moi un conseil; à Weimar, j'avais envie de faire une étude de la Duchesse d'Orleans et de ses deux enfans, pour en faire à Paris un tableau, réprésentant la Duchesse et ses deux fils appuyés contre le piédestal de la Justice, et y cherchant un abri contre l'orage. . . "*

Here is one, containing a little spice of drollery:—

(Hanover, 1849.)

"Si tu etais avec moi, nous nous serions bien amusés à voir ce bon pays d'outre Rhin; ces bonnes faces des femmes endimanchées, et ces graves 'Herren und Bauern;" autant de pipes que d'individus! Pour leur Dimanche, se donnant la satisfaction d'accourir, pas centaines, voir passer les 'trains,' du chemin-de-fer. . . .

"Maintenant je vais—non m'étendre, mais me plier, dans une boîte de bois peint, entre deux édredons, et deux petites serviettes. Cela n'est pas engageant, mais que veux tu! C'est comme cela, et pas autrement, que le Teuton—'der viel Schläfer'—passe la moitié de sa vie. . . . ."†

"To be tolerant towards others and severe for one's own conduct, is the first of all duties: to love one's fellow-men more than oneself, the highest virtue. None of my memories are so pleasing as those which recal the practice of these maxims."

* "I want a piece of advice. When at Weimar an idea occurred to me to make a study of the Duchess of Orleans and her two children, with a view to make a picture afterwards. It should represent the Duchess, with her two sons, leaning against the base of a figure of 'Justice,' seemingly claiming its protection. . . ."

† "If you were with me, we should have enjoyed the diverting sights of this country beyond the Rhine: the amiable looks of the good women all in their 'Sunday best,' and the grave men, both gentlefolk and rustics; so many *men*, so many *pipes* going! All,

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(Weimar, 1849.)

"J'ai fait aujourd'hui une grande promenade pour voir le Château du Wartburg, et les sites magnifiques qui l'environnent. . . . .

"Tant de grands souvenirs poetiques et historiques se rattachent à ce château, qu'on ne peut le visiter qu'avec une profonde émotion. . . .

"Je sens que j'ai trop peu voyagé: je ne puis rattraper le temps, ni l'occasion utile, perdus; mais je ferai mon possible pour que *tu* voyes, jeune encore, les choses qui peuvent nourrir l'esprit de grands souvenirs; et que ma présence, quand tu en auras reçu l'impression, te rende, plus tard, ces souvenirs plus précieux encore. . . .

"Enfin espérons, et si, comme toujours, mes vœux de bonheur les plus modestes ne peuvent se réaliser, consolons nous en songeant que d'autres souffrent encore plus. . . . ."*

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by way of pleasant Sunday amusement, running, by hundreds at once, to see the 'trains' pass. . . . .

"And now, I am about to—not to stretch my person, but—double myself up, into a box of painted deal, between two bags of feathers and two towels. This, to be sure, does not sound over comfortable, but dear me! it is in this fashion that your 'Teuton,' the 'good sleeper,' passes half his existence."

* "I have been to-day to see the château of the Wartburg—(a long *promenade*)—with its magnificent views and scenery around it. . . . .

"So many legends and histories belong to this region, that one cannot visit the castle without experiencing deep emotion. . . .

"I am aware that I ought to have travelled more. It is too late, now, to overtake lost time, and lost opportunities; but I am resolved that *you* shall, whilst yet young, see things calculated to implant valuable impressions; and which, moreover, being seen *with me*, shall associate themselves hereafter in your memory with this added value. . . . .

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But I stop here, considering that the above passages will have sufficed to confirm the justice of what has been remarked in these pages, in reference to the pure and elevated moral sentiments of the writer.

It can hardly have escaped the observation of the intelligent reader, that the substance of Ary Scheffer's character was of that kind, which, carried to exaggeration, becomes entitled to the honours of positive martyrdom. He invariably practised the self-sacrifices enjoined in his letters—setting aside his own wishes and inclinations whenever they were crossed by those of other people. I have heard one of his intimate friends say, that "Scheffer could not bear to see a frown, or even a cloud, on the brow of those around him." Here lay his weak point, and no one knew it better than himself. This quality, however, I take to be an element of original temperament and organization, scarcely capable of being effectually modified by its possessor, except at a cost more painful perhaps than profitable to himself. It was, in poor Scheffer's case, remorselessly turned to profit by a number of persons, (of whom it were vain to attempt to give an account,) through whose exigence and importunity the whole of his faculties came to be, as one may say, devoted to the service of others. Toiling without complaining, as we have seen he toiled, to gain the means of supplying the swarm of claimants who besieged his gates, he was nevertheless fully aware of his own slavery. I am tempted to

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"Well, we must live in hopes, and if, after all, as is so frequently my lot, my schemes of happiness come to nought, we will console ourselves by the reflection that others are worse off than we. . ."

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quote one or two short passages more on this subject, as curiously candid effusions of feeling.

"C'est vraiment quelque chose de bizarre, que la manière dont ma vie a toujours été hâtée! Je n'ai jamais pu faire un tableau avec calme et repos. Je n'ai jamais même pu faire un pas dans la vie, sans quelque chose ou quelqu'un qui me presse! . . ."*

Again, in speaking of some one who was *too little* restrained by the obligations of moral duty, he says, "Ne regrette pas la liberté de Madame de ——. Crois moi, le Christ l'a dit, 'mieux être ésclave soumis, qu'ésclave échappé!'"†

None but a thoroughly virtuous mind and heart could have so heartily recognised the force and point of this "dictum."

It was more than once proposed to put Scheffer's name forward as a candidate for the honour of a seat in the "Institut." This coming to his knowledge, he begged that the project might be suffered to drop.

"Jamais (he writes to his daughter) je ne voudrai d'une chose quelconque pour laquelle il faut faire des démarches. . . ."‡

The reluctance habitually entertained by Scheffer, to avail himself of opportunities, leading to the grati-

* "It is, positively, something absurd and provoking, to think how my life has always been, as it were, worried and hunted! Never have I been suffered to paint a single picture in peace! Nor have I ever taken a step forwards, without somebody at my back, or some circumstance, which hurried and embarrassed my course!"

† "Do not look with pleasure on the liberty exercised by Madame de ——. Trust me (and Jesus Christ has said it) 'better to be a submissive slave, than an outlaw.'"

‡ "Never will I desire a thing for which one must go about asking help to obtain it. . . . ."

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fication of his personal vanity, may be traced to two causes. First, the extreme value that he set upon his own self-respect and independence: guarding these with a vigilance almost bordering, at times, on rudeness. Dependent, as all artists necessarily are, more or less, on public favour and esteem, Scheffer felt, nevertheless, a repugnance to be "patronized," which he pushed to the verge of excess. Furthermore, the opinions held by Scheffer on political subjects, strongly tinctured as they were with democratic sympathies, rendered him an object of jealousy and dislike in quarters from whence, generally speaking, marks of distinction emanate. Thus, the two dominant principles of his character, viz., his own self-respect, and the unalterable convictions of his youth in regard to republican doctrines, were unquestionably of the nature of obstacles to social success and honour. With the higher and wealthier classes of society, again, Scheffer had but little sympathy, and designedly, indeed, kept aloof from them: even evincing, now and then, by sallies of "sauvagerie," his unfeigned indifference to worldly distinctions.

One evening, at Scheffer's own house, being myself on the point of leaving Paris, I said to him, "Mais, venez donc nous faire une visite en Angleterre, cet été!" "Je n'aime pas l'Angleterre—c'est à dire, que je n'aime pas les Anglais—insolens, hautains, dédaigneux, se croyant au-dessus de tout le monde."

"J'avoue que mes compatriotes portent assez mauvaise réputation sur le continent, mais je vous assure qu'ils se trouvent, chez nous, de bien braves gens, que vous seriez forcés d'aimer, malgré vos préjugés."

"Je n'en doute pas, au fond; voilà M—— par

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exemple, c'est un homme qui a fait de belles choses, et que j'éstime cordialement—d'ailleurs, il a le cœur républicain; (smiling as he spoke) mais *vous* . ."

"Eh bien? qu'avez vous à dire de mal, sur mon compte?"

"C'est que vous—*vous* êtes *rien moins* que républicaine: plutôt *aristocrate* qu'autre chose!"* So saying, he darted off to talk to some one else, laughing at the "slap" he had ventured upon giving to "la fière Anglaise."

Among the frequent visitors to the atelier, during the period of the Republic, was Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris. His professed leanings towards extreme liberalism recommended him to Scheffer, who used willingly to "chat" with the prelate in the intervals of painting,—taking, indeed, pleasure in his company. In due course of time it came to pass that the "radical" Archbishop found it convenient to give in his adhesion to the Government of Louis Napoleon, and to become, in his turn, an "habitué" of the Elysée Bourbon. As might have been foretold,

* "Now, do come over and pay us a visit in England, this summer?"

"I do not like England—that is, I do not like the English. They are such proud, insolent, scornful, conceited people! looking upon themselves as superior to all the rest of the world!"

"I confess that my countrymen are *not* well reputed, on the continent. Still, I assure you that there *are* excellent people in England, and many whom you would find yourself obliged to esteem, in spite of your *prejudices!*"

"Ah, I dare say, in one sense. There is M —— for instance; he has done great things, and I certainly do esteem *him* heartily. Besides, he is a republican *at heart*—whilst *you* . . ."

"Well, and what have you got to say against *me?*"

"Why, that *you* are *anything* but republican; more *aristocrat*, by a great deal!"

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Scheffer saw no more of his reverend visitor for a long time, after this "volte face;" but one day, in 1853, he received a note from the Archbishop, requesting that Scheffer would do him the favour to paint his portrait, &c."

To this note the indignant Ary replied "that he certainly would *not* paint the Archbishop;" adding to his refusal a peremptory desire "that the writer of the note would be so good as never more to set foot in the atelier!"

It was difficult for any one, not personally acquainted with Scheffer, to obtain a sight of his pictures. He disliked being interrupted, and besides this reason, he objected to have his painting-room converted into a lounging-place for idlers. So that admittance could only be obtained through the good offices of a friend of the house. On one occasion a visitor, unknown to Scheffer, called, and asked the servant to go and say "that a lady wished to be permitted to visit the atelier." Antoine brought in the message accordingly. "Ne la connois pas," was Ary's laconic reply. The visitor persisted: "Say it is an English lady;" another negative. The fair applicant, little used, God wot! to repulses, from any quarter, now played what she naturally expected would prove a "winning card," and handed her visiting card to the servant, for presentation to his master. This tentative proved equally infructuous, *for*—it bore, the name of an English Peeress of the highest grade! It is just possible, that had it been "Patty Hopkins," or "Susan Carter," Scheffer *might* have relented; but to admit a Peeress on learning her name and rank, after refusing her as a stranger, was what

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our stern republican could not bring himself to do. So he returned the same curt answer, "Je ne la connois pas," and the lady went her way.*

The truth is that Scheffer went a step too far, perhaps, in the dislike he felt to being "protegé:" particularly by the rich, by the would-be "patrons" of artists, or by noble *amateurs*. Nothing so rare, however, as the "juste milieu," in states of mind; (or, for that matter, in states of body either.) In his dread of being exposed to the humiliation of "patronage," Ary Scheffer fell not unnaturally into the extravagant phase of independence—becoming testy, or, like Samuel Johnson, bluntly curt and "cassant" towards those who he fancied intended to encourage and flatter him.

Whilst in England, in 1857, he was induced to take an interest in a German youth, named Ludwig Martin, whose dispositions towards the art of sculpture had manifested themselves with some promise of excellence.† With his wonted generosity, Scheffer not only consented to help "Ludwig" forward, but actually took him into his house, and provided the necessary instruction for him; the lad studying diligently under his auspices, up to the period of

* The anecdote is illustrative of Scheffer's habits of dealing with strangers, and I have therefore related it here. It may be as well to add that the fair applicant happened to be one of the most amiable, affable, and justly-admired of Englishwomen, so that it was unfortunate for Scheffer that he lost the opportunity of making her acquaintance.

† The boy had been fortunate enough to receive the kind encouragement of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Prince Consort of England, accompanied with an annual contribution towards defraying the cost of his lessons in drawing, &c.

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the disastrous seizure which ultimately closed the labours of Scheffer's own life. I find a word or two referring to this passage, in a letter written (to the friend so often mentioned in these pages) in 1857.

"Je suis très content de Ludwig: et heureux de l'avoir avec moi. C'est une satisfaction que je vous dois, et dont je vous remercie."*

Thus it was, with Scheffer, from childhood to mature age, a native-born, an irresistible impulse, to minister to the necessities, or promote the advantage, of every one connected with art, who came within the circle of his sympathies. It can hardly surprise the reader, after all that has been stated, to learn that Scheffer died poor. I have reason to believe that, in the form of money savings, he did not possess, in 1858, a sum equivalent to half a year's income usually arising from his painting. Whatever it was, however, all that Scheffer had *to* leave became the inheritance of his cherished daughter, along with some few of the later products of his pencil; these being perhaps among the works best entitled to hand down with honour to posterity the name of Ary Scheffer—"the Painter."

Having now brought this "memoir" to an end, I shall add but little more to that which, I am deeply conscious, falls short of the just claims of my distinguished subject. But having performed the task to the best of my ability, I will hope that, in spite of

* "I am quite satisfied with Ludwig, and feel pleased at having him with me. I owe this to you, and must offer you my thanks accordingly."

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shortcomings on the part of the writer, the sketch here given, of a life and character so worthy of being known and esteemed, may be regarded as an interesting record of Genius allied with Virtue.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ARY SCHEFFER'S STYLE.

THE "little" which I shall permit myself to append to the narrative here terminated, will consist in a few comprehensive remarks relating to this painter's style of execution. Indeed, so much of eulogy has been expended on various individual pictures, that it is no more than my duty, as a conscientious critic, to afford utterance to some opinions wherein the deficiencies of the painter will be considered in their turn. I will begin by a quotation from a discerning and capable judge of artistic merit, of my acquaintance.

"The absence of early scientific instruction, is apparent, in the want of knowledge, on Scheffer's part, of certain principles essential to the practice of this divine art. Among these I will note

1st. A neglect of certain leading maxims having reference to the apposition of light and shade. The indiscriminate flood of light which he pours upon his principal figure in many of his best pictures is felt to be at variance, not only with nature, but with the primitive laws according to which imitative art produces its legitimate effects. It is quite painful to me for instance, to look at the unmitigated glare which pervades the "Margaret at the Fountain.". ...

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Both of her arms might be on the same plane, owing to their being in equally strong light. . . . . .

2ndly. In regard to Scheffer's management of colour, it appears to me that he was wanting in the true instincts of a colourist. He rarely combines different hues so as to produce a pleasing contrast; neither does he reach to anything like real power in this branch of art. What can be less happily chosen than the strong red colour of the ample petticoat, in the "Margaret at the Fountain?" the violence of which, moreover, has an injurious influence on the flesh tones. The blue petticoat of Margaret "Coming out of Church," again, cuts against a stocking of the very same hue! instead of being agreeably relieved by a lighter shade, or by some other quality of colour. But the faults of his colouring are too obvious to need to be enlarged upon.

3rdly. In respect to the handling of draperies, very considerable progress was made by Scheffer towards the latter stage of his career, attesting earnest industry and meditation on his part.

4thly. To my thinking—Scheffer is never so great, at least in creative art, as where he employs scarcely *any colour,* properly speaking. The "Francesca," the "Calvin," and the "Giaour Monk," will most forcibly illustrate my meaning.

Perhaps the most successful effort in point of colour, is the "Ruth and Naomi"*—painted with

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* I would call attention to the singularly expressive *pose* of the hands in this noble composition, which indeed, as a whole, I regard with cordial admiration.

H. G.

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vigour and care: one of his most recent pictures; proving how steadily he cultivated the technical faculty to the last. . . .

5thly. Among the defects of this master is his ineffective treatment of the nude, more especially of the male figure. He did not indeed attempt it often, knowing that his real "forte" lay in his heads. In the "Christ au Roseau," the absence of all anatomical indications, even to the marking of the "sternum" and ribs, cannot fail to strike the observer.

6thly. A certain sameness prevails in the heads of his principal figures; the Giaour, and the Faust, for example, are very similar in type, and give one an impression that both were drawn from the same model. The heads in "Les Douleurs de la Terre"—lovely as some of these are—also lack *variety*, with the exception of the "St. Monica."

After all, perhaps, the best group of female heads which Scheffer has left to us, is to be found in the "Annunciation to the Shepherds;" in which composition may be also discerned a most skilful employment of contrast in the flesh tones, exhibiting the application of the legitimate principles of art. (See page 61.)

As a painter of heads, I doubt whether there be any living painter who has so successfully cultivated the faculty of expressing profound emotion: and this, too, observe, coupled with a motionless position of the body. Ex. gr. the "Giaour in the Convent," "Faust with the Cup," "Margaret in Church," and "Les Saintes Femmes." . . . .

"Here is the real triumph of Scheffer's genius—the ability to inspire strong sympathy in the

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spectator by the power of delineating the emotions of the soul. A gift which he shared with Murillo, and which commands admiration, not only for its own sake, but also on account of its extreme rarity.

"H. M."

In the foregoing comments I find myself disposed to concur—indeed they correspond, in the main, with the opinions expressed throughout the course of this work, in reference to various performances therein mentioned. There is no denying the want of ability in this master to deal skilfully with *chiaro oscuro;* insomuch that, to a cultivated eye, familiar with the exquisite treatment of flesh in shadow—as displayed by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Albano, and other renowned Italian colourists—Scheffer's unrelieved lights and pallid tints sensibly detract from the effect of his pictures.

Could Scheffer have joined to his special faculty of imparting interest, that of faultless and masterly handling, we should have possessed one more of those wondrous Painters who come amongst mortals as though expressly to furnish examples of perfection, but whose number is, even now, restricted to some three or four commanding names. In the absence of this rare combination we may be grateful for the enjoyment derivable from works which display a reverential culture of the Ideal, and wherein the modern world of connoisseurs recognises a peculiar charm and value, not to be found in those of other painters of the time.

In another walk of art, I would observe, there are

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few amongst us who have not felt the influence of native gifts when exercised by an intelligent *amateur*. The human voice—the violoncello—the violin—let but a child of genius direct their powers, and the listener confesses that an indefinable pleasure steals over his senses: such as the most finished professional *execution*—unaccompanied by the "souffle," or inspiration of genuine sentiment—fails to produce. If, indeed, Magic can be conceived to exist anywhere in the world, surely, it must be in the spiritual domain of art!

My readers need not be invited to apply these reflections to the case of Scheffer.

A couple more extracts, and I have done.

"The two visits which I paid to the atelier of the deceased painter made the deepest, as well as the most elevating impressions which I brought away with me on leaving Paris. . . . . His grandest composition (Les Douleurs de la Terre) shows how sacred history and religious allegory may be associated with humanity, without becoming commonplace."—*Letter from his Excellency M. le Baron de Bunsen*, Feb., 1860.

The passage which follows is contained in a letter to the author, from an English gentleman, whose favourable opinion is of no common value.

"January, 1860

"I knew Scheffer, and am a great admirer of his genius and his works. I spent two days, last spring, in the Exhibition of his pictures at Paris. In general character—leaving out of the question their respective 'spécialités'—he always reminded me of François

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Arago. They were both enthusiasts, fanatics if you will, but always on subjects and principles which entitle them to the admiration and gratitude of the generation for whom they laboured, and to very conspicuous niches in the Temple of Fame.

" E. E."

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APPENDIX.

A.

I append to the interesting sketch by Scheffer, a few memoranda supplied from a different source:—

"La Princess Marie d'Orleans avait inspiré à Scheffer des sentiments d'admiration devoués autant que réspectueux. Il trouvait en elle, presque sans modification, ses propres sentiments politiques, avec la même enthousiasme pour les travaux qui atteignent les plus hautes régions de l'art.

"Toute jeune encore, elle ne connaissait d'autres distinctions que celles de l'art, d'autres plaisirs que ceux de l'étude. L'élévation soudaine et violente de sa maison l'effrayait; elle voyait tous les périls de cette grandeur; elle en préssentait la chûte avec des angoisses qui, mélées au pressentiment de sa propre mort (dont l'avertissait une santé délabrée) donnaient, à ses traits et à ses manières, la teinte d' une mélancolie resignée. * * * Elle aimait à se renfermer dans son modeste atelier durant ces fêtes, splendidement vulgaires, par lesquelles Louis Philippe croyait acheter une prolongation de popularité.

"Elle dit un jour à Scheffer, qui travaillait avec elle tandis que cinq mille personnes remplissaient les salles du bal et du festin, 'Quand je pense à ce qui s'agite içi-dessous, d'ambition, de cupidité, de flatterie, combien on y trompe mon père—je me sens heureuse de n'y être pas.'" * * *

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* "The Princess Mary of Orleans had inspired Scheffer with sentiments of blended admiration and respect:—He found in her a similarity of opinion in regard to political matters, together with an equal enthusiasm for the higher products of art.

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B.

It was chiefly owing to the exertions of Scheffer, that King Louis Philippe's consent was obtained to the removal to Versailles, and to the public exhibition, of the "Maid of Orleans." After the early and lamented death of the Princess, Scheffer set apart a recess in his "studio," in honour of her memory. But few visitors were admitted into this sanctuary, where, by the side of the marble effigy of his dying mother (a favourite "souvenir" with her son), Scheffer had placed a bust of the Princess Marie, together with copies from some of her sculptures, and a few of her own original designs.—A. DE C.

"Whilst still young, she took pleasure in no occupations excepting such as related to either the arts, or to instructive books. The sudden and abrupt exaltation of her family alarmed her; she felt all the risks involved in this greatness: she even had a presentiment of its termination, and this, being coupled with certain warnings, derived from very imperfect health, of her own premature decline, produced, both upon the mind and the countenance of the Princess, a settled character of melancholy resignation. She loved to retire within her modest 'studio' (which she had caused to be fitted up in the Palace for herself) when there were given those splendid 'Fêtes,' by which Louis Philippe hoped to sustain his waning popularity.

"On one evening, during which she was working in her atelier in company with Scheffer, there were 5000 people thronging the 'salons' below, wherein dancing and feasting were going on. 'When I reflect,' said the Princess to Scheffer, 'upon what is passing down there; what ambition, what avidity for gain, what flatteries, and upon the way in which my father is cheated and deceived by them—I feel happy to be out of it all!'"

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C 1.

Extract of a letter addressed to his daughter, Madame Marjolin, by Ary Scheffer. 1846.

' . . . . . Ce mot, ' *il le faut,*' mets le toi bien en tête, ma chère enfant, ta grandmère se le repetait sans cesse.

" C'est que, dans la vie, rien ne porte fruit, que ce qui coute une peine de cœur ou le labeur des mains. Notre vie, pour être bonne et calme, doit être une sacrifice de tous les instants. Maintenant que je suis vieux, je ne me rappelle avec satisfaction, que des biens que j'ai su refuser, des jouissances que j'ai sacrifiées. ' Das Entsagen '* est le devoir et la règle de sagesse ; le sacrifice, le sublime vertu dont Christ nous a donné l'exemple. Dans les grandes occasions, le sacrifice se fait pour ainsi dire plus facilement que dans les choses journalières de la vie. D'abord elles sont rares, et l'âme s'éxalte ; dans les choses de chaque jour, on n'est point en scène : c'est alors entre sa conscience et un monde qui l'ignore que se passe le sacrifice. Mais aussi, comme ceux qui ont cette douce abnegation d'eux-mêmes sont récompensés par le bonheur qu'ils répandent autour d'eux et par la conviction constante de faire le bien. Ce sentiment devient si fort quelquefois, qu'il change presque de nature, et qu'on finit par trouver le bonheur et le joie dans le sacrifice de l'un et de l'autre. . . . . ."†

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* "The Forbidden."

† "That word—' *must,*' fix it well in your memory, dear child ; your grandmother seldom had it out of hers.

"The truth is that, through our lives, nothing brings any good fruit except what is earned by either the work of the hands, or by the exertion of one's self-denial ; sacrifices must be, in short, ever going on, if we would obtain any comfort or happiness. Now that I am no longer young, I declare that few passages afford me so much satisfaction to look back upon, as those in which I made sacrifices, or denied myself enjoyments. ' The forbidden ' is the ' motto ' of the

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C 2.

On another occasion, having observed in his daughter's letter a tendency towards depression of spirits, he concludes one of his own—itself replete with affectionate yearnings after her society—as follows:—

"Adieu! ma chère fille, tache toi d'être vaillante et bonne, ce sont les grandes qualités des femmes. Des peines, tout le monde en a; contre sa destinée on ne peut qu'une chose; porter dignement bonheur et malheur. Il ne faut se laisser amollir ni pour soi ni pour ceux qu'on aime. Lutter et toujours lutter—c'est la vie, et de ce côté la mienne a été de tout temps complette: mais j'ose dire avec un juste orgueil, que rien n'a jamais abattu mon courage. Avec un peu plus d'égoisme, j'aurais facilement trouvé plus de repos moral, plus d'aisance matérielle. J'aurais dû peut-être lutter davantage contre cette faiblesse qui me fait trop craindre les peines des autres. C'est pourtant la seule pardonnable."*

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wise man. Self-denial is the quality of which Jesus Christ set us the example.

"It seems to me that sacrifices are, generally speaking, more readily made on great occasions than on ordinary ones. The first occur rarely, and besides, the mind becomes strung up to them: on slight matters, attention is not awakened to them, and it requires an effort of conscience to perform a sacrifice from which no credit will accrue. But then, how rich is the reward reaped by those in whom self-postponement is habitual, both in seeing the happiness it diffuses around them, and in their own unfading consciousness of well-doing. This feeling indeed sometimes gathers such force as to alter our very nature, until we come at last to find pleasure and satisfaction in devoting ourselves to the interests of other people."

* "Farewell! dear daughter, strive to be of good courage—to be gentle-hearted—these are the true qualities for woman. '*Troubles*,' everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate, whatever that be; whether blessings or afflictions, behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict—*this* is life's inheritance, and,

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D.

In the summer of 1852 I saw, in the atelier of Ary Scheffer, the original painting of "Francesca di Rimini," which had been sent to him from Florence, by Prince Demidoff, in hopes of getting it judiciously repaired and cleaned. It was indeed in a sadly damaged state; was cracked over the greater portion of its surface, and much of the "impasto" was even "scaling off"—the colours, too, had become disfigured by dirt and spots. I used to see it constantly there, during a space of several months. One day when I happened to be at the Rue Chaptal, I espied a "replica" of this picture, on a slightly reduced scale. It had been executed for the most part (but under Scheffer's eye), by a gentleman possessed of ability as an artist, who was accustomed to work for and with him: Scheffer putting the later and finishing touches himself. This copy, being, in the course of a year or two, sold to a London dealer, it passed from his possession into that of the late Earl of Ellesmere, at, I think, the price of 1100 guineas. No one among the distinguished noble collectors of pictures in London, appear to have been aware that such a picture existed: although abroad, it enjoyed a widely extended fame. Lord Ellesmere hearing, not without some dissatisfaction, that I had pronounced his costly purchase to be a "copy," addressed himself to Scheffer to know whether it was so. Scheffer replied that it certainly *was* a "replica," and had been bought of him as such: that the original was well known on the Continent, and that consequently all amateurs were apprized

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for that matter, mine has had its full share; but I may add, with somewhat of honest pride, that never have I suffered my mental energy to falter. With a little more selfishness, perhaps, I might easily have passed my life in superior comfort, and have enjoyed greater composure of mind. I ought to have been capable of controlling that weakness in my character, which makes me shrink from the sight of other people's vexation or displeasure. This is, however, the least censurable of weaknesses."

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of the fact of its being larger in size than the picture sold in 1856 to Lord Ellesmere.

In the spring of the year 1854, and again in 1855, I was, also, a visitor at the residence of Scheffer, and there beheld the second "replica," which may be regarded, in truth, as surpassing in point of execution the first "Francesca." It would seem that, during the period when the original composition remained with him (as narrated above), Scheffer made a careful study from it (of the same dimensions), which study he subsequently completed, with all the added experience of from eighteen to twenty years' practice in the art. He bestowed even more than usual pains upon this piece. Fine living models were invariably present, from which to paint all portions of the nude—the "contours," as French artists call them—whilst the delicate minute details of drapery, texture, &c., were also executed by the master himself. The product of this assiduous and lengthened application was, as most amateurs are aware, the splendid picture which formed one of the glories of the Exhibition of 1859. Fortunately for us, it remains with M. and Madame Marjolin in Paris, so that *this* work has not disappeared from the scene of his labours, as too many have done. It appeared to me to be a favourite object of contemplation with Scheffer himself. He once said to a friend (who mentioned it afterwards to me), "If I *have* unconsciously borrowed from ANY ONE, in the design of the "Francesca," it must have been from something I had seen among Flaxman's drawings." These were of the number of the works of modern artists which Scheffer highly prized, and it may perhaps be affirmed that there existed a certain affinity between the imaginative gifts which distinguished each of these two eminent men.

Before quitting the subject of the "Francesca," I will add that, since Scheffer's decease, talking with a friend of his concerning the picture bought by Lord Ellesmere, the gentleman observed to me, "that in case Lord Ellesmere's family wished to part with the picture, there would be no difficulty in finding a purchaser, at, possibly, an advance upon the price

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given by his lordship." When one hears of the large sums paid even for copies of this painter's works, it is somewhat surprising that people are to be found who refuse to recognise his claim to the title of a great artist.

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E.

Scheffer's loyalty towards the Queen Marie Amelie (which, I have already said, constituted one of his most durable sentiments) induced him to make, during the year 1853, a second, but hasty, journey to England. It was undertaken in deference to her Majesty's earnest wish that he would come and take leave of her, prior to her intended departure for Spain.

Madame Scheffer accompanied her husband on this occasion. The midsummer season was warm; they travelled "through" from Paris to London, without a halt, so that on her arrival she was fairly exhausted with fatigue. I was surprised by receiving a brief note, about seven o'clock one evening, inviting me to come over and see them, in Albemarle-street. As I was just then stepping into the carriage, to go and dine at Kensington, I was forced to postpone my visit till about half-past ten p.m. I found them at that hour, alone; Scheffer, visibly out of spirits—much "dérangé" by the obligation of coming over—said he could hardly bring himself to quit his brother Arnold—that he should return with as little delay as might be, &c. &c. Madame Scheffer, having spoken a few words with me, retired to repose, but I stayed on for half-an-hour, talking with her husband; chiefly about the impending rupture with Russia, on account of Turkey. He now grew more animated: expressed himself (as was natural) averse to the idea of a common action on the part of France and England, but augured no other result than a war. Speaking of the Emperor Nicholas, I remember (or rather it is recorded in my note-book in connexion with this passage) Scheffer's saying with emphasis, "Il—ne—dé—mor—dra—pas!"

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They both left town early on the morrow; Scheffer paid his visit to the Queen Marie Amelie, took farewell of her and the family, and sped his way back to Paris; resuming the fraternal office of ministering to the dying guest, for dying his brother Arnold may be said to have been, even at that stage of his disorder.

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F.

Tableaux d'Ary Scheffer, non exposés en 1859.

1810 Annibal jurant de venger la mort de son frère.
1811 Malvina.
— La Mort de Pline l'ancien.
1812 Les Anges chez Abraham.
— Pyrrhus cherchant à intimider Fabricius.
— Abel et Tirza.
1813 Pétrarque et Laure.
1814 Orphée et Euridice.
1815 Entre Chien et Loup.
— L'Orage.
1816 Le Grandpère.
— La Grandmère.
1817 Le Vieux Sergent.
— La Visite chez le Grandpère.
— Le Vengeur.
1815 St. Louis recevant le Viatique.
— Le Vieux Berger.
1816 La Déclaration.
1817 La Mort de St. Louis.
1819 Dévouement des Bourgeois de Calais.
— Socrate défendant Alcibiade à Potidié.
1818 Les Enfants Glaneurs.
— Le Champ grelé.
1820 Sujet pastoral pendant et après l'orage.
— Le Premier Chagrin.
1821 Scène de Naufrage.
1822 St. Louis attaqué de la peste visitant les malades.
1824 Jeune Fille à genoux au pied d'un tombeau.

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1824 Gaston de Foy trouvé mort à Ravenne.
— St. Thomas d'Aquin pendant une Tempête.
— La fin d'une incendie de ferme.
— L'Enterrement du Jeune Pécheur de *l'Antiquaire.*
— La Pauvre Femme en Couche.
— Les Enfants Egarés.
— L'Enfant Malade.
— Le Retour du Jeune Invalide.
— La Bonne Vieille.
— L'Enfant qui pleure pour être porté.
— La Mère Convalescente.
— Le Jeune Malade.
— Morton, scène des Puritains d'Ecosse.
— Le Départ du Conscrit.
1823 Les Orphelins
— La Ferme Abandonnée.
— Jeune Fille au bord de la Mer.
— Scène d'Invasion.
1825 Le Chant du Départ.
1827 Macbeth (de Shakspear.)
— Scène d'Inondation.
— Jeunes Filles Grècques implorant la Vierge.
— Le Sommeil du Grandpère.
— La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc.
— Henri IV. à cheval.
1826 Ulysse réconnu par sa Nourrice.
— Ode de Pétrarque.
1825 Jeune Grec defendant son Père.
— Gulnare.
— La Vierge et l'enfant Jesus.
1828 Episode de la Retraite de Russie.
— La Dame de Charité.
— Jeannie Deans dans la prison d'Edinbourg.
1829 Marguerite implorant la Vierge.
— Charlemagne dictant les Capitulaires.
1831 Portrait du Duc d'Orleans.
— Scène des Journées de Juillet, 1830.

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1831 La ronde, "Scène de l'orage," de Beranger.
— Le Roi Louis Phillippe à cheval.
— Anne d'Autriche et le Coadjuteur.
1833 Portrait en pied de la Reine des Belges.
— ———————— du Maréchal Lobau.
1832 Enfant Endormi.
1834 Les Anges endormant l'enfant Jesus.
1836 Portrait du Roi Louis Philippe.
— ———— du Prince de Joinville.
1830 La Mort de Géricault.
1836 Charlemagne recevant la soumission de Witikind.
— Les Anges pleurant sur la Mort de Jesus Christ.
1837 Le Christ Consolateur.
— Bataille de Tolbiac.
— La Plainte de la Jeune Fille, ballade de Schiller.
— Rachel en Prière (Ahasverus de Quinet.)
1840 Ste. Cecile.
1841 Adoration des Mages.
1842 Mater Dolorosa.
— Heureux ceux qui ont le cœur pur.
— Un Ange endormant un Enfant.
1843 Achille et Priam.
1844 Tête de Christ.
1845 Madeleine au pied de la Croix.
1846 Le Simples de Cœur.
1833 Marguerite contemplant les Bijoux.
— Portrait de la Duchesse de Broglie
1846 Le Christ Rémunerateur.
— Dante et Beatrice.
— Faust et Marguerite au Jardin.
— Faust au Sabbat.
— Le Christ portant la Croix.
1847 Les Quatre Ages.
— Retour de Philippe Auguste après Bouvines.
— Entrée de Jeanne d'Arc à Orléans.
1848 Le Christ pleurant sur Jerusalem.
— La Madeleine au Tombeau.

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1849 La Prière.
— Les Plaintes de la Jeune Fille.
1851 Eberhard le Larmoyeur.
— Eberhard le Coupeur de Nappe.
— St. Jean.
1852 Ange enlevant un Enfant au Ciel.
— L'Age de fer.
— La Vierge à la Moisson,
1853 St. Jean.
1855 Le Christ avec l'Enfant.
1857 L'Enfant Prodigue.
1858 La Lutte de Jacob et de l'Ange.
1857 Portrait de Léon Faucher.
— Portrait en pied de Lord Dufferin, en costume de Pair d'Angleterre.
1857 Portrait de la Reine Marie Amélie.

Albûm lithographique.

1832 Vignettes pour l'Histoire de la Révolution Française, par Thiers.

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G.

Ary Scheffer was "Chevalier et Officier de la Légion d'Honneur." After the memorable conflict of June, 1848, in which, as "Chef de Bataillon," he had shown a capacity for military conduct not less remarked than his cool courage—General Changarnier, then commanding the National Guard of Paris, tendered to Scheffer's acceptance the cross of "Commandeur." He replied, "Had this honourable distinction been offered to me in my quality of 'Artist,' and as a recognition of the merit of my works, I should receive it with deference and satisfaction. But, to carry about me a decoration, reminding me only of the horrors of civil war, is what I cannot consent to do:" and he firmly declined the offer.

He also was "Officier de l'Ordre de Léopold (Belgique), de l'Ordre du Chêne (Hollande), et de l'Ordre du Faucon Blanc" (de Weimar). Of no one of these foreign orders did he ever display the insignia, however.

H.

The portrait given in this work, of Ary Scheffer, is photographed from that painted by Henri Scheffer, of his brother, about the year 1850. Ary considered it a very good likeness of himself, and, in a letter to the possessor of the picture, speaks with just commendation of it as a painting. I can vouch for its being a good resemblance also.

I.

An engraving from Scheffer's large picture of "Le Christ Consolateur" has been, I am informed, published in the United States; but the "Slave" does not appear in the print! The feelings entertained in America towards the negro race are strikingly exemplified by this fact. I suppose it would have been regarded as offensive to introduce a slave to the presence of the Redeemer!

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K.

I ought to have made mention, when speaking of Scheffer's attack of illness in London, in 1858, of the kind and respectful feeling which was shown by the Orleans Princes, in coming to see the old and constant friend of their house whilst he lay ill. The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres appeared to take a deep concern in Scheffer's condition, and their interview, I was told, proved most interesting to all three. The words of counsel which Scheffer then addressed to the youthful Princes would doubtless sink into their hearts, as being the last they would probably hear from their wise and experienced preceptor and friend.

L.

The mother of Ary Scheffer was sufficiently skilled to practise miniature portrait painting during the first years of her residence in Paris, in order to augment the slender fund on which she supported herself and her young family. Thus the boys would seem to have breathed an art atmosphere from earliest childhood—both the parents possessing a certain amount of talent for painting.

M.

The friends who remained to Ary Scheffer to the end were few. Perhaps M. Krasinski, and Mr. Wyld, and M. and Madame Viardot, may be named as those to whose society he latterly attached most value. The first-named was a noble Pole (an exile), possessed of a highly endowed mind, and who had produced some poems (in his own native tongue) said to be extremely admired by his countrymen. Some of Scheffer's earliest friendships, I have said, were terminated by death, years before. Among his intimates, the most prized (not to recur to the names of Thierry and Manin) had been,

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perhaps, M. Geo. Lafayette, General Cavaignac, Lamartine, Alexis de Tocqueville, M. Oscar de Lafayette, M. de Broglie, and one or two more. With M. de la Mennais he was once closely familiar, but his feelings underwent a change towards the last years of his life.

POSTSCRIPT.

I stated what was not correct, in speaking (at p. 105) of the picture of "Christ Tempted by Satan," or the "Tentation," of Scheffer. It is now the property of the French Government. Messrs. Goupil et Comp^le^. are the parties in whose hands this work is placed by the French authorities, with the view of getting it engraved by subscription.

THE END.

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